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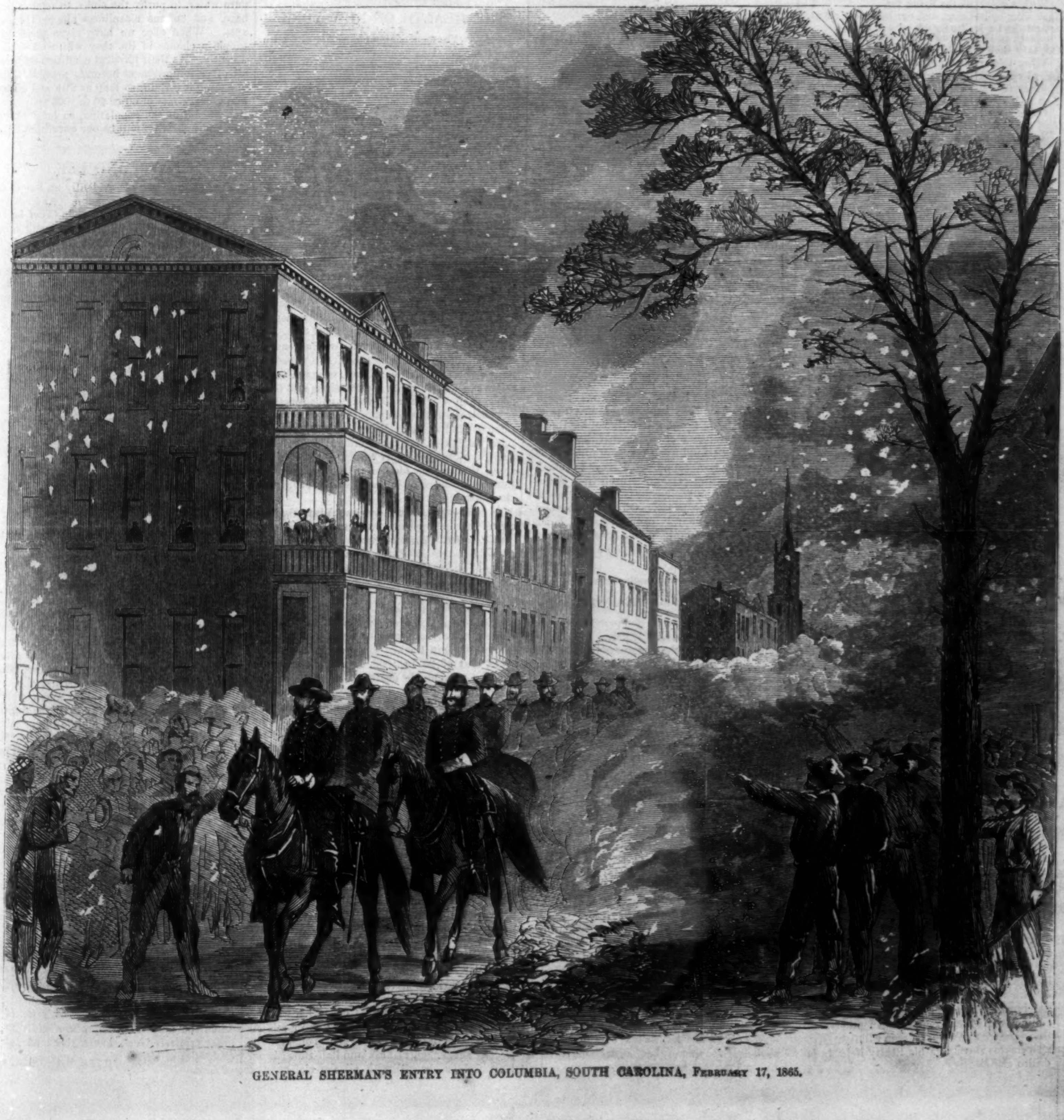
THE BATTLES IN PROSPECT.

SHERMAN has promenaded Georgia and South Carolina. The rebels have retired before him from Augusta, from Savannah, from Charleston, from Georgetown, from Wilmington and Kinston, concentrating as they have fallen back. The days of long marches are over, and the days of sharp conflict are already begun. The elements have been hurtling and combining, and now comes the storm. When SHERMAN'S columns were five hundred miles distant from where they are marshaled to-day the prospect was so vague and shadowy that the vain boasting and confidence of Richmond editors did not seem the farce which to-day it seems. The match was a long way from the powder which it is now about to explode. Panic knows no law, but it is not therefore always unreasonable. It is not wonderful that, with two grand armies—like those of GRANT and SHERMAN—between the Cape Fear and the James, and already in co-operation, and with SHERIDAN rough-riding at his leisure about the Confederate capital, destroying three months' supplies in as many days, and cutting off both the line of retreat westward and of a possible march northward, DAVIS sends a frantic, clamorous message to the rebel Congress, betraying his sensitiveness of the peril at hand, and calling for men and provisions, which he knows are inaccessible, and for the suspension of the law of *habeas corpus*, which he knows will do him no good. It is not remarkable that those in Richmond who happen at such a time to have gold are reluctant to let it go, nor that the people generally have given themselves up a prey to their apprehensions.

A series of decisive battles can not long be delayed. LEE will probably precipitate these battles himself. To stand on the defensive is to invite defeat. He must take the initiative, and trust to strategy for the result. His most promising scheme would be to rapidly and stealthily reinforce JOHNSTON very heavily, and then falling upon SHERMAN endeavor to repeat the success gained on the first day of the battle of Shiloh. He would strive to do this before SHERMAN'S arrangements for a base are permanently established. But it must be remembered that SHERMAN has fought but little on his long march, and has plenty of ammunition to carry on a great battle. He will soon be firmly established on the line of the Neuse with an army equal to any which by any possible combination can be brought against him.

If, however, LEE and JOHNSTON decline attack, they will yet be forced to an engagement by the necessities of hunger. Standing still or retreating their communications are at our mercy; and in a battle they must fight at a disadvantage against men equal in courage and determination, and superior in strength and discipline to themselves. Were it not for those rebels who have already lost all, and who therefore listen only to the suggestions of pride or despair, we might hope that now at length reason would resume her sway and prompt to loyal submission.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ENTRY INTO COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 17, 1865.

THE SONG OF KILPATRICK'S TROOPERS.

Up from the ground at break of day,
When the bugle's note is heard,
From the cold, hard ground, where all night we lay,
To rise with the waking bird.
Right merrily our sabres ring
As we scour along on our steeds;
Oh, true and tried are the hearts of those
Whom the brave Kilpatrick leads!

Away, away, o'er the plain we go,
Away on our steeds so fleet!
Ah, well the foeman's path we know
By the print of the foeman's feet!
So on we ride while our sabres ring
A merrily sounding tune,
By field and river and wooded steep
To the halt which comes with noon.

And then in the forest's welcome shade,
'Neath the pine-trees dark and high,
We rest till the burning heat is past
From the Southern noonday sky.
Then up and away o'er the rolling plain,
Away on our gallant steeds!
What foe is there whom we would not dare
When the brave Kilpatrick leads?

Of Northern steel our good blades are,
Our carbines are true of aim;
The Southern traitor hears with dread
The sound of our leader's name.
Oh, wild is the life we troopers live,
But a merrier none may know,
To scour the plain on our gallant steeds
In search of the traitorous foe!

And when on the battle-field we meet,
And loud on the echoing air
The bugles sound, and quick in the sun
Our blades gleam bright and bare,
Away we go at the one word *charge*,
With a cheer, at the flying foe,
While the bullets sing, and our scabbards ring,
And the bugles loudly blow!

Oh, long shall the tale of our deeds be told
When this cruel war shall cease,
On winter eves, by the glowing hearth,
When the land shall be blessed with peace
And long shall live in the hearts of all
Our valiant leader's fame,
And our children lisp with their infant lips
The brave Kilpatrick's name.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 1, 1865.

PARTIES AT THE SOUTH.

From the glimpses opened by Sherman, and furnished by the rebel journals, and the message of Jefferson Davis, it is not difficult to understand the condition of public sentiment at the South. There is the original fire-eating war-party, of which Davis is the gloomy chief. To this belong the mass of the women and the aristocracy of the plantations. The young men of this party are in the army, and the army is controlled by the Richmond cabal. The adherents of this party retire before our advance. They desert their town-houses for the interior, grimly hoping that accumulating disaster may drive every body to their own desperation. Then there is the small party of original Unionists, of whom Mr. Pettigru was a chief. They have been utterly overpowered, and in the ruder districts remorselessly slaughtered for their fidelity. Beside these there are the Unionists of whom Mr. Aiken is a representative; those whose sympathies are entirely Southern but who thought secession a dangerous mistake. Beyond these is the great party of those who acquiesce in the situation whatever it may be; who submit quietly to the rule of the rebellion, and with equal passivity to that of the Government.

In addition to these there are the slaves, who are much the largest party of all. They are the most faithful of the whole population of the Southern States. Despite their ignorance, and the careful falsehoods of the rebel chiefs, they know perfectly well that the Yankees are their friends. Notwithstanding the criminal blunders of Generals Halleck and M'Clellan, a sure instinct keeps the slaves true to us. The best information for our armies and fleets comes from them. Escaping Union soldiers, whether in Louisiana, Georgia, Carolina, or Virginia, make straight for the negro quarters. There they are fed, cheered, and guided. One officer, making his way through the heart of the rebel region to our lines, traveled two hundred miles without seeing a white man. He went by night and was passed along to freedom by friendly black hands. The slaves have been forced to work upon the rebel fortifications. They speak freely of it; but they have one answer when asked what they will do if they are armed by the rebels. They will shoot behind. The slave-masters are not ignorant of this, and therefore they are opposed to arming them. It is the same knowledge which made Lee's Adjutant-General declare that the opinions of the soldier would not impair his military efficiency, if only discipline were severe enough. In other words, this wiseacre thinks that a man will fight just as well for his slavery as his liberty if he is only drilled sufficiently.

In all our meditations upon reconstruction we must constantly remember these various groups. The fire-eaters and those who have been conspicuous in rebellion will always retain a certain hate of the Union and Government. But they will be the smallest element of the population, and constantly dwindle by exile as they have been destroyed by the war. They will be the most dangerous political allies, because they will constantly compromise any party with which they may act. The Aiken Unionists and the acquiescers will be disposed to co-operate with their old political friends at the North. But the true Union men of the South, of whom Joseph Holt and the Maryland liberals are the noblest representatives, will accept with all their hearts the new conditions of the country, and become the active power in the Southern regeneration, as the fire-eaters were in the Southern rebellion. With these must be counted the late slaves, the great laboring population. They will be enfranchised, we have little doubt, by the sagacity of the new party in the Southern States as a permanent security against reaction. When that is done, there will be no more "natural antipathy" to the African than to the Asian, or to the European. The rebels have discovered that a colored man is as good as any other if he will only fight for them. We shall find that he is no worse than others if he will only vote with us.

The work of reconstruction will be done by those who are in earnest, both at the North and South. And as the vast cloud of ignorance which has overshadowed the whole South scatters and lifts, and the people there are enabled to see their country and understand their Government, they will have touched the bottom of the slough in which slavery and State sovereignty had plunged them.

A LITTLE EFFORT.

The little effort of the rebel chiefs in Richmond, in concert with their sympathizing organs in New York, to make it appear that the Government is averse to peace, is amusing and natural, but not successful.

Davis and the Copperheads know perfectly well that under no circumstances will the Government of the United States treat with any agent of the rebels, civil or military, as the representative of a nation or of a legitimate separate government. If Davis or Lee, or any rebel soldier or civilian, has made up his mind that the rebellion is a failure, he can have peace by submitting to the authority of his lawful Government. There has never been any other condition, and there never will be. If General Lee should write to General Grant that he wishes to cease his resistance to the laws, and acknowledge the national authority, General Grant would at once accept his surrender. But when Lee writes a letter, as he did on the 2d of March, speaking of arrangements and negotiations, General Grant properly replies that he is a soldier, and that his business is suppression of the rebellion by force of arms.

Davis and his New York friends lose their pains. The case is clear. The "negotiation" policy has been fully exposed. It was the attempt of Davis to get a little breathing-time—to gain the chance of saying that the Government were resolved upon reducing him and his fellow-citizens of "the Confederacy" to submission, and to give his Northern abettors the opportunity of denouncing the Government as barring the door to peace. Oh no! The Government holds it wide open with both hands. Submit to the authority of the laws, it says, and you shall have peace. Until you do submit you will feel war.

DAVIS ASKS TO BE DICTATOR.

In the doomed city of Richmond Jefferson Davis still plays his ghastly part. He has sent another message to the remains of the rebel Congress. He says in it that "our country is in danger," and that the "capital is in greater danger than it has been at any time during the war." He then proceeds to ask the Congress to complete by law the military despotism over which he presides.

We must have money, he says. The army must be paid. It should be paid in coin. The proper officers report that two millions of dollars in coin will supply the army for the remainder of the year. Pass a law to make the coin available. Let me seize the gold for the army.

The impressment law, he continues, is tedious and uncertain in its operation. Sometimes owners of property refuse to part with it. Let the supplies be estimated at their value in coin. Give the obligation of the Government to pay in coin when it can. Then pass a law to let me impress provisions for the army.

Congress, he adds, has done very foolishly in not increasing taxation. It has also been very dilatory in passing the act to raise negro troops. Besides this "a law of a few lines repealing all class exemptions" would enable me to put every man into the field, and to have the papers edited by my tools and all the civil service performed by my own creatures.

We need a new militia law, says Davis, which shall override that of the States. One Governor informs me that he has not the power to call out the militia in one county for service in another. Such State rights are folly.

I wish also, he continues, to have the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended. If this is ever to be done, now is the time. Suspend it at once. He concludes by saying that General Ord told General Longstreet that there might be a chance of settling "the present unhappy difficulties" by an informal conference between General Grant and General Lee; but when on the 2d of March General Lee proposed such a conference, General Grant replied that he had no authority to act. It remains only then, says Davis, to commend our sacred cause to God and our own valor. Pass the laws I recommend; then go home and encourage the people.

That the rebel Congress would put all the available money and food of their section at the disposition of Jefferson Davis—that they would allow him the absolute control of every person, either to put into the army or into prison at his pleasure—and thus by law make him what he asks to be, absolute Dictator, was hardly to be expected. They have declined to do any thing he asks, and have gone home.

His message will be an authorized cry of despair to his foreign supporters. How John Slidell will chuckle that, while Davis has had all the bitterness and anxiety and struggle, he has performed his part of the rebellion in Paris, comfortably ensconced in airy apartments, tranquilly trundling on pleasant afternoons in the *Bois de Boulogne*, gambling all night in the finest society, with his money quite secure from his friend Davis's tax-gatherers, and his precious person safe from a very doubtful *habeas corpus*. History will concede that Slidell was the shrewdest rebel of them all.

THE HEALTH OF NEW YORK.

A New Yorker contemplates his city with complacency. He moves among the busy streets down town, passes up Broadway, and looks with pride upon the long ranges of stately houses radiating from Madison Square. It is a very beautiful city, he says to himself, with satisfaction; and if the population is not so large as that of some European cities, it is at least nearly a million of people, who are remarkably comfortable.

That is certainly a just inference from the parts of the city of which we have spoken. But if the complacent observer will hear a few facts about the parts and people of the city that he has not seen in Wall Street, Broadway, or the Fifth Avenue, he will walk a little less proudly and speak more humbly.

Of this population, then, 78,000 live in damp, dark, dreary cellars, often under water, close to the most loathsome sinks, overcrowded, and reeking with filth and mortal disease. There is never sound health in them, and the constant sickness-rate ranges from 75 to 90 per cent.

Of this population 500,000 live in tenant-houses. These buildings are of two classes—front and rear. Between them is the well-hole, as it is called, in which are the sinks and cess-pools, from which the disgusting odor constantly penetrates every recess of the buildings with sickness and death. Every hideous form of misery and vice, hunger, murder, lust, and despair, are found in every corner. There is nothing that makes human nature repulsive or human life intolerable that does not abound in these tenant-houses.

It has been estimated by careful investigators that 17 in 1000 persons die annually from inevitable causes. This may be taken as the necessary death-rate under the most favorable conditions of life. But the City Inspector's records in the city of New York show that for the 11 years preceding 1860, excepting 1854, the year of the cholera, the death-rate was never below 28 in 1000; the average was 33 in 1000, or nearly twice the necessary rate; and twice it exceeded 40 in 1000. So if we take the lowest rate, that of 28 in 1000, New York annually lost by preventable deaths 11 in 1000 of her population, or more than 7000 yearly, making for the whole period 77,000 preventable deaths. Nor need we soothe our consciences with the reflection that we are no worse off than other great cities; for, while during the ten years from 1850 to 1860 inclusive, but excluding 1854, the average rate of New York was 33 in 1000, that of London was 22, and that of Philadelphia only 20. Yet year after year the City Inspector of New York serenely declares that New York is one of the healthiest cities in the world, and smug New Yorkers take his word for it!

But if we look a little closer we find that the terrible death-rate is in the tenant-house region. The Seventeenth Ward has the natural rate of 17 in 1000, but in the Fourth and Sixth wards it varies from 36 to 40 in 1000. And upon a still closer glance it appears that, while the average rate in the Sixth Ward is about 40, the mortality of the large tenant-houses is as high as 60 or 70 in 1000.

"The evidence," says Dr. Stephen Smith, in his remarks before the Joint Committee of the Senate and Assembly, from which we take these facts, "proves that at least half a million of its population [the city of New York] are literally submerged in filth, and half-stifled in an atmosphere charged with all the elements of death......It is a city without any sanitary government."

It is here that the work of reform must begin. Moral, intellectual, political progress is impossible until a wise sanitary system is secure. Starving, sick, vicious, despairing men, who live in noisome dens in which horses would die, will neither think, act, vote, nor pray rightly. So long as their physical degradation continues so long their souls will be imbruted. While half of the population of the city live in filth and breathe poison so long the taxes will steadily increase, so long the city will continue to be undermined with ferocious passions that endanger its peace and prosperity, so long the politics of the State will be a contest between the ignorance and vice of the city and the intelligence and well-being of the country; and so long every infamous public crime, whether it be slavery, filibustering, riotous resistance to the laws, or open rebellion, will find its vigorous supporters among the squalid and vicious population of this city. Appeals to the passions, ignorance, and prejudice of this class are the entire political stock in trade of men like Fernando Wood. Purify the stews of New York, and you annihilate such public enemies as he.

The labor of any citizens' association, addressed directly to political reform in this city, is lost before it begins. Lay the axe at the root. Spend your money to make it penal to live underground. Begin by giving every body a chance at fresh air. Liverpool in 1847 had a cellar population of 20,000, and a special ordinance, which forbade living below the street, lifted the great mass into better houses and reduced the mortality of the city. Compel the landlords of the tenant-houses to keep them in good repair, to ventilate them thoroughly, to fill them with pure water, to purify the sinks, to remove garbage, and enforce cleanliness among the tenants. When once we have given these poor people a chance of life they will wish to live decently. As their physical condition improves all other improvement becomes possible. But one thing is certain, so long as filth and disease and a death-rate of 60 or 70 in 1000 are the portion of half of the population, so long corruption and imbecility will be our governors.

DAVIS AND LEE.

Jefferson Davis is evidently no longer the chief personage in the rebellion. As President and constitutional Commander-in-Chief he has the superiority of position, but among rebels whose sole hope is the army, the actual Commander, when beloved and trusted as Lee is, is the true master. Doubtless at a word of Lee's Davis would fall from power unpitied, and Lee be saluted absolute Dictator with universal consent and enthusiasm.

The reason is plain. Jefferson Davis is an old politician, and a cold, hard, ambitious man. His position has excited envy and ancient dislikes, and with the evident failure of the rebellion which he has conducted, all opposition becomes mingled hatred and contempt. No new man in his place but must have aroused immense hostility, while an old political leader brought with him the grudges of a lifetime to add to those he daily kindled. Nor is there any thing in Davis's character or manner to relieve, in failure, the jealousy, suspicion, and antipathy which, even if successful, he could not have escaped.

The sunshine of success would have gilded the defects of Davis. But in the dark hour of so prolonged and terrible a struggle as this has been—when the earlier lights of victory are going out in utter gloom—when the larger part of their territory is occupied and paralyzed, and the general apathy and despair of the population foretell their certain failure—the rebels who still hold out naturally cling with entire devotion to a soldier who has shared all the personal dangers of their enterprise, who had no political antecedents, who was the object of no old prejudices, jealousies, or quarrels whatever, and who seems to them at once a great captain, and a mild, unselfish, patriotic gentleman. All the faults of detail in administration, all the minor misfortunes and the general disaster, are mercilessly thrown upon the civil and executive head of affairs; while all that might have been is fondly associated with the popular favorite and military hero. That his heart was not at first with the rebellion; that he is not a great captain; that he has shown no signal ability, are considerations of no moment in presence of his apparent modesty and fidelity. The rebels respect themselves in him. While he remains all is not lost. The very doubt whether they could persuade him to seize supreme power is probably to their minds his brightest ornament.

Indeed, while Davis is to the rebels very much what James Second was to the Jacobites in England, Lee has all the chivalric charm of Prince Charles the Pretender. The romantic devotion which few royalists could feel to the saturnine bigot they could cherish with enthusiasm for the graceful gentleman with no past and—alas! for them—with no future. Thus the fiery Toombs, whose guilt in this great crime is black, has a thousand political jealousies of Davis which he could never have of Lee.

But if, by any chance, the fate of the rebellion should be left to LEE, he would contemplate the situation as a soldier and not as a fire-eating braggart. Confronted by irresistible combinations and overpowering force he would hardly chatter about the last ditch, but would surrender to save useless suffering. Even should he do otherwise, if the rebel army retreat to the mountains, the apathy of the sea-board and interior population will gradually succumb to the necessity of the case. Men must live: and to live they must work. As industry revives under a new order, those who have accepted failure may retain a romantic sympathy with those who still contend; but it will be only romance, like the feeling and the toasts of comfortable London Jacobites to the Pretender skirmishing in the Scotch Highlands. The end of the rebellion will be gradual. There will be no day when "peace is declared." The embers will long smoulder after the flames are extinguished. But even those who welcomed the fire, when they have rebuilt their houses and begun to plant again, will not wish it to be kindled anew.

TRADE WITH REBELS.

THE order of General GRANT prohibiting all commercial transactions with the rebels is an act of the plainest common sense. Nothing certainly could well be more absurd for a General in earnest than to suffer SHERMAN and SHERIDAN to destroy property and resources in Virginia and Carolina, while he supplied the enemy with money in Louisiana or Georgia. It is a subject upon which faithful Union men have differed. It has been the opinion of some that for every million of dollars the rebels received in exchange for cotton, the Union cause gained five millions of advantage. But a million to the rebels is more valuable than twenty millions to us; and even if it were theoretically probable that those who received the greenbacks would hoard them or invest them beyond the control of the rebellion, it was still practically true that we could never be sure of such a disposition, and that we know how unsparing the rebel scrutiny and impressment is.

Nor is the necessary demoralization of such a course to be overlooked. Surely it was a ludicrous illustration of Yankee enterprise to forbid the world to supply rebels against the Government with food and arms, in order that we might monopolize the profits of such a trade. Why should we be angry that we were not believed to be in earnest when we insisted upon trifling? Or why should we expect fidelity or bravery in an army before the enemy, when the soldiers knew that we had supplied the means to procure the arms with which the enemy was to destroy them? The most shameful and humiliating event in the whole war was the Red River expedition. Is there any body in the country so dull as not to know that it was a trading and not a military expedition?

General GRANT is willing and able to fight the enemy, but not to feed him and furnish him with arms and ammunition. The expedition to Fredericksburg and the seizure and destruction of the tobacco was as legitimate a military operation as the battle of Chancellorsville. But in the latter case the rebels won a victory; in the former we prevented their winning one. And General BANKS declares that the misrepresentations of his career in Louisiana sprang originally from traders, whose transactions he would not tolerate. The deadly injury that this trade has already done, by the aid it has rendered to the rebellion, is incalculable, and General GRANT adds to his claims to national gratitude by peremptorily stopping it.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

ON the 11th of March, 1861, the Constitution of "the Confederate States of America" was adopted at Montgomery. It began by setting forth the doctrine of State sovereignty as the foundation of the Confederacy. "We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character," etc., etc. Here was a deliberate renunciation of the principle of national union of which our Government is the first example in history. It was a recurrence to that modified union, that ghost of nationality, that hopeless shift of divided sovereignty against which our old confederation and the universal experience of mankind protested. But supreme State sovereignty the rebel chiefs would have, and they gravely began to build their fire upon the back of the whale. "That is no island," cried history; "we have tried it, and it is only a fish's back." "Pooh!" retorted the gallant gentlemen, "do you pretend to teach us who have had CALHOUN for our master!" And they made the fire hotter and hotter. Suddenly the whale dived, and they are left wallowing.

They have learned by their own experience what they refused to learn from that of the world, that fire burns, that when each State acts in its sovereign and independent character there is no nation, and the league is just as strong as the weakest State, and no stronger.

This is the unpleasant but unhesitating confession made by the Richmond *Enquirer*, the chief rebel paper, just four years after the solemn proclamation of the absurdity at Montgomery: "Has not State sovereignty been the weakness of the cause? If, during the life-and-death struggle, with the compress of a common danger to bind and hold together these States, this principle of State sovereignty was continually obtruding itself, delaying and preventing the legislation necessary to the common defense, impairing that authority intrusted with the general welfare, and impeding the execution of laws necessary and proper to the success of the cause, is it to be supposed that, when peace returns, this principle of State sovereignty will permit the Confederacy to exist one year?......The conduct of certain States, in their opposition to the laws passed for the organization of the army and the preservation of discipline, has caused many men to reconsider their long-cherished doctrine of State sovereignty, and to come to the conclusion that, while in theory it is beautiful and true, in fact and practice it is utterly defective."

This was exactly what WASHINGTON and HAMILTON said eighty years ago, and the American people, believing them, utterly and forever renounced the insane whim of State sovereignty, and established National sovereignty. If our fathers had not been a great deal wiser than their recreant children at the South, this Government could never have mastered a rebellion which would have conquered any other Government in the world. We have proved the inestimable value and the triumphant strength of union. The rebels have illustrated the weakness and folly of federation. State sovereignty is nearly as dead as slavery.

JOHN McLENAN.

THE name of JOHN McLENAN, who recently died at the age of thirty-nine, was familiar to all lovers of American humorous and characteristic illustration, and especially so to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, in which many of the most amusing and satiric cuts were from his pencil. With great facility of fancy and a shrewd eye for comedy, Mr. McLENAN united a sincere love of his art and a generous ambition to excel. Many of his illustrations in WILKIE COLLINS'S "Woman in White" were full of character and spirit, and that of Count Fosco, especially, accurately reproducing the intention of the author. His humor was well shown in "Sam Dale" and "Fisher's River Sketches," and it is in the multitude of such works that his name will be pleasantly remembered.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

THE London *Review*, in a recent notice of ARTEMUS WARD'S book, gravely remarks: "At the present time he is lecturing at New York; and WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the poet, writes of him in the New York *Evening Post*: 'ARTEMUS has a style of his own, which no lecturer has yet discovered. He says so many funny things that the audience sometimes let a "goak" [joke] slip by unnoticed, and then ARTEMUS will pause for a moment with a downcast expression, till a sudden guffaw tells him that somebody has seen the point.' This is a mode of enforcing witticisms which is certainly new to us." We do not know how it may be in London, but in this country an entire journal is not written by one hand. It may be interesting to the London *Review* to know that Mr. BRYANT does not write all the advertisements, nor commercial articles, nor theatrical and musical and literary and scientific reviews, nor all reports of lectures, speeches, and sermons, which appear in the *Evening Post*. We understand that many of the faithful readers of the *Tribune* in the rural districts suppose that the caustic criticisms upon pictures which occasionally appear in that journal are written by Mr. GREELEY. The ground of the supposition is that the *Tribune* is "GREELEY'S paper." But we assure our British and rural friends who cherish this idea, that every leading journal has a full and well-appointed "staff" of writers, and that Mr. BRYANT does not write all the "letters from the people" which appear in the *Post*, nor Mr. GREELEY the novels of CHARLES READE and THACKERAY which have been published in the *Weekly Tribune*.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE London papers are full of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S "History of Julius Cæsar," which, from many circumstances, will be one of the most notable books of the time. The HARPERS have bought the early sheets, and it is now passing rapidly through the press, and will be issued immediately in a handsome form. The English notices treat the work as a significant political manifesto. It is in fact, as the preface already published here shows, a defense of imperialism by an Emperor. Cæsarism is identical with the Napoleonic idea, and the Napoleonic idea is that might is right. The historical value of the book is undoubtedly great, for it has unquestionably had the scrutiny and approval of the most accomplished scholars in France. Even the Emperor could not dare to be an inaccurate author. The work has had in the preparation all the advantages that unlimited expense could secure, and is issued with corresponding pomp of typography.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

REPORT OF SECRETARY STANTON.

SECRETARY STANTON has at length submitted his report. He has been waiting, he says, for the Lieutenant-General's report, which has not been received for the simple reason that that officer has too much work to do to make reports. We make the following extracts:

"The military events of the past year have been officially published by this department from time to time as they transpired, and are fully known in every branch of this Government and throughout the civilized world. They constitute a series of successful marches, sieges, and battles, attesting the endurance and courage of the soldiers of the United States, and the gallantry and military skill of their commanders, unrivaled in the history of nations.

"The campaign of the Army of the Potomac, and the operations on the James River, the Appomattox, and around Richmond and Petersburg; the masterly operations of our army in Georgia, resulting in the capture of Atlanta, Savannah, and other important military posts in that State; the reduction of the forts in the harbor of Mobile; the hard-fought battles at Franklin and around Nashville, resulting in the rout of the rebel army in Tennessee; the succession of brilliant victories won by the Army of the Shenandoah; the successful storming of Fort Fisher; the capture of Wilmington, Columbia, and Charleston, and other achievements of less note, all contributing to the triumph of the Union cause and the suppression of the rebellion, will be more appropriately detailed upon the coming in of the report of the Lieutenant-General.

"Over two hundred flags, captured from the rebels, have been received, properly labeled, and deposited for safe-keeping.

"The work of preparing official reports of battles, etc., for printing, in compliance with the resolution of Congress of May 19, 1864, is progressing as rapidly as possible, and all officers from whom such reports are due have been called upon for them.

"The ordnance supplies furnished to the military service during the fiscal year include 1141 pieces of ordnance, 1896 artillery carriages and caissons, 455,910 small-arms, 502,044 sets of accoutrements and harness, 1,913,753 projectiles for cannon, 7,624,685 pounds of bullets and lead, 464,549 rounds of artillery ammunition, 152,067 sets of horse equipments, 112,087,553 cartridges for small-arms, 7,544,044 pounds of gunpowder. These supplies were in addition to large quantities of parts provided for repairs in the field.

"The Commissary-General of Subsistence reports that the supplies of subsistence stores have been mostly purchased in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, and St. Louis. Beef cattle were furnished by contracts of short duration at most convenient places, and driven from the places of purchase to the field. Most of the stores were purchased by advertising, accepting the lowest bids offered for suitable articles at cash prices. Attempts have in some cases been made by individuals and associations to monopolize and control the prices of articles required by the Subsistence Bureau, thereby creating much difficulty.

"The armies have been supplied with good and wholesome food, and large numbers of prisoners and suffering Union families have been furnished with subsistence. Generally the contractors and others have faithfully complied with their obligations. Officers employed in this branch of the service, with but few exceptions, have performed their duties with promptness in the field and at dépôts. During the year ending June 30, 1864, fifty-two thousand four hundred and eighty-two quarterly or monthly accounts have been examined and referred to the Treasury Department.

"The mobility of the armies has increased. The opinion, held by some officers of rank in the earlier history of the rebellion, that an army could not be maintained except within reach of a navigable river or railroad has been dispersed by such marches as those of General Sherman from Vicksburg, east of Meridian, and back to Vicksburg, from Memphis to Knoxville, and back to Decatur, at a time when the railroads were not in operation; that of General Burnside from Cincinnati and Louisville, through Southeast Kentucky, to Knoxville; that of Lieutenant-General Grant from Washington to Petersburg, and the march of General Sherman from Atlanta toward the coast."

THE BATTLE OF KINSTON.

On the 25th of February General Palmer, in command of the district of Newbern, left Wilmington with orders from General Schofield for an advance on Kinston, North Carolina. Kinston is on the Neuse, about 20 miles below Goldsborough. Between Kinston and Newbern the road passes through difficult morasses. The enemy was disposed to make a stubborn defense at Kinston, and for that purpose had dispatched Bragg's command with a corps from Lee's army to that point. This force is estimated as about 15,000. General Cox arrived on the 6th and took command of the Federal column advancing from Newbern.

The next day was occupied in skirmishing, chiefly with artillery. On the 8th the enemy succeeded in flanking Cox's advance line, and taking over a thousand prisoners from the Fifteenth Connecticut and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts. Three guns also were captured. This occurred about four miles from Kinston. Later in the day the rebels attacked and were repulsed with heavy loss. The attack was repeated with a like result on the 10th, and Kinston was abandoned, the enemy falling back on Goldsborough. The loss on both sides in these battles was nearly equal. General Schofield occupied Kinston on the 13th.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Sheridan, after his extensive raid up the Valley and along the James, not being able to cross that river, continued his destruction of the roads north of Richmond, and at last accounts had nearly succeeded in joining Grant's right by way of the White House.

The rebel Congress, on the 18th inst., among its very last acts passed the bill empowering Jeff Davis to seize the gold in the banks for the purchase of supplies. This uses up every thing in the State of Virginia, and will put into Davis's hands about two millions of gold, equivalent to one hundred and fifty millions of rebel currency.

The rebel Congress also passed the act suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, the Senate having reconsidered its previous action, by which the bill was defeated. Thus, nearly all of Jeff Davis's requirements, as set forth in his last message, have been complied with.

An important general order from General Pope is published, which is the first step toward giving practical effect to the views of his recent letter to the Governor of Missouri. It directs that as soon as information shall be received from Governor Fletcher of the re-establishment of the courts and civil authority in any county or district, the promiscuous exercise of martial law there shall cease; Provost Marshals will be immediately released from all duties except those strictly military.

M. De Montholon has been appointed French Minister at Washington, and M. Dano Minister at Mexico. The Pall Mall *Gazette* says that, in conformity with public opinion in France, the Emperor Napoleon will leave Mexico to her destiny as soon as the French troops have returned.

A new ministry has been formed in Portugal, with the Duke de Soule as President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Marquis de Sa Da Bandiera as Minister of War.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ONE FOR THE EMPEROR.

(Quotation from a certain Shakspearian Play, Act I. Scene 2.,

"Who is it in the Press?"—*Julius Cæsar.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG RE-QUARTERED.—Whether the South be recognized or not, as a consequence of the War, it is clear that the Negro will. When the Stars shine again, the Stripes will have disappeared.

An eloquent "reverend" gentleman, who says eccentric things in his sermons, recently pointed out to his "audience" that efforts at respectability made people extravagant and worldly, forgetting religion, and he therefore concluded by a prayer that his audience might never become respectable.

The Gas Companies' Lawyer—COKE.

COLLECTING THE RENTS.—A Roman Catholic clergyman residing near Limerick has the benevolent fancy of carrying about needles and thread with him, and either getting the tattered to sew up their clothes, or in cases of obstinacy doing it himself.

THE GOWN OF MANHOOD—His wife's.

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—Some people object to the parallel which the Imperial author of the Life of Julius evidently intends to draw between biographer and subject. The likeness will be more clearly seen, if the name be written—as it should be—"Seizer."

ON THE WORD PARLIAMENT.

"This long word comes only from *parler*, to speak,
As best etymologists trace;
So you see all is *parlé*, and nothing is *meant*;
Too often the truth of the case."

A THOUGHT IN THE PARK.—What an aggravating reminder—to meet your most pressing creditor driving a pair of dun ponies.

HISTORY EPITOMIZED (by LOUIS NAPOLEON).—"Cæsar and Boney very much alike: specially Boney!"

The difference between the married and divorced is exceedingly slight, consisting merely of the exchange of a couple of letters, the married being uni*t*ed, and the divorced un*ti*ed.

WRITS OF ERROR—Marriage contracts.

A DRAMATIC QUESTION.—Why is a short-hand writer like the husband of Imogen?—Because he's a-symbolin' (Cymbeline).

At an auction at Cork, recently, a lady and gentleman, who were so placed that they could not see each other, kept up the bidding for an article after all the other competitors had given in. What was his surprise when the gentleman discovered he was bidding against his wife!

MODEL FOR A PAINTER—A man of *color*.

WHAT RELIGION IS A MUTE?—He is a Sadducee (sad-you-see).

HOW TO KEEP ON GOOD TERMS WITH CREDITORS.—Pay them.

POST-OFFICE QUERY.—How many letters would a fellow have to put into the post before he may be said to have "put in a word?"

"Dennis, my boy," said an English schoolmaster to his Hibernian pupil, "I fear I shall make nothing of you; you've no *application*." "An', sure enough, Sir," said the quick-witted lad, "isn't it myself that's always being tould there's no occasion for it? Don't I see every day in the newspapers that 'no Irish *need apply*,' at all, at all?"

OUTRAGEOUS.—An old bachelor being asked by a pert young miss if he could account for the application of the term *belle* to handsome young ladies, promptly replied that it was owing to the goodly proportion of brass in their composition.

"William, what part of speech is the word 'egg?'" "It is a Noun, Sir." "What is its gender?" "Can't tell, Sir." "Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?" "Can't say, Sir, till it's hatched." "Well, then, my lad, you can tell me the case?" "Oh yes, the shell, Sir."

LOVE.

Love is a comical thing,
And gives itself numerous airs;
'Twill make a man whistle and sing
When he ought to be saying his prayers.

Love is a comical thing,
The root of all evil, I'm told;
Gray hairs it will frequently bring
Prematurely, before we are old.

Love is a comical thing,
It induces a fellow to spoon;
And oft silly verses to sing,
When he can't get one cadence in tune.

Love is a comical thing,
And it comes on one all unawares;
From the laboring man to the king
All rest and repose it impairs.

Love is a comical thing,
And so frequently ends in a knot,
That I jollily, carelessly sing,
If I marry just yet I'll be shot!

ART ANECDOTE.—One of those intimates whose secure footing allows them to mention the foibles of friends, remarked one day to Frith that "he didn't shine in conversation. "No," said the prosperous painter, "I'm like Addison in that respect; I've little ready cash in my pocket, but I can *draw* for thousands."

WHAT IS MATRIMONY?—A long *engagement* in which two persons often *fight* for the *mastery*—the woman being generally the *ring*-leader.

MOTTO FOR BANTING.—*Cut it* Fat!

A RENT IN THE CLOUDS.—Two dollars per week for lodgings in a top-garret with a sky-light.

SWIFT DESTRUCTION.—The rapidity with which firemen "go to blazes!"

A CHROMATIC CONUNDRUM.—What is the color of a scream?—Yell-ho, of course!

DEAR STALKERS.—Those ladies who *will* come out in the *fashion*.

An elderly maiden, meeting a newly-married man, who had once been her servant, carrying home a cradle, exclaimed, "Ah, John, these are the fruits of marriage!" "No, madam," replied John, "this be only the fruit-basket."

LAY ON.—A retired actor, with a fondness for poultry, was asked why he named a favorite hen "Macduff?" He replied that it was because he wanted her to "lay on."

What tune would a person whistle who had been stealing milk? "*Robin Adair*," eh? (*Robbin' a dairy!!!*)

LIGHT INFANTRY MOVEMENT.—Agitating a cradle with a baby in it. This kind of movement is principally practiced in the *rock-it* brigade.

"THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LONG ROBE."—Baby-boys before they are shortened.

The public lecturer who dwelt upon a topic has changed his residence.

Wanted for chemical purposes—a lady "dissolved in tears."

The climax of human indifference has arrived when a woman does not care how she looks.

A bird that always faces the storm—The weather-cock.

AN IRISHMAN'S TELESCOPE.—A gentleman remarked one day to an Irishman that the science of optics was now brought to such perfection that by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the Irishman, "I have one at my house in the County of Wexford that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Enniscorthy so near to my view that I could hear the whole congregation singing psalms."

"Heaven bless the wives, they fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They ease life's shocks, they mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?"

FOURTEENTH AND TWENTIETH CORPS CROSSING THE SAVANNAH AT SISTER'S FERRY.

THE TWENTIETH CORPS ENTERING BLACKVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

Our readers will remember that at New-Years we filled our illustrated pages with sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, of General Sherman's march through Georgia. Three months have scarcely passed since then, and we now fill our sheet with another series of sketches by the same artist, illustrating General Sherman's march through the Carolinas.

The orders for the march remained the same as in the march from Atlanta. As before, Howard had the right wing and Slocum the left. The army consisted of four corps—the Fifteenth, General Logan; Seventeenth, General Blair; Fourteenth, General Davis; Twentieth, General Williams: these were accompanied by Kilpatrick's division of cavalry.

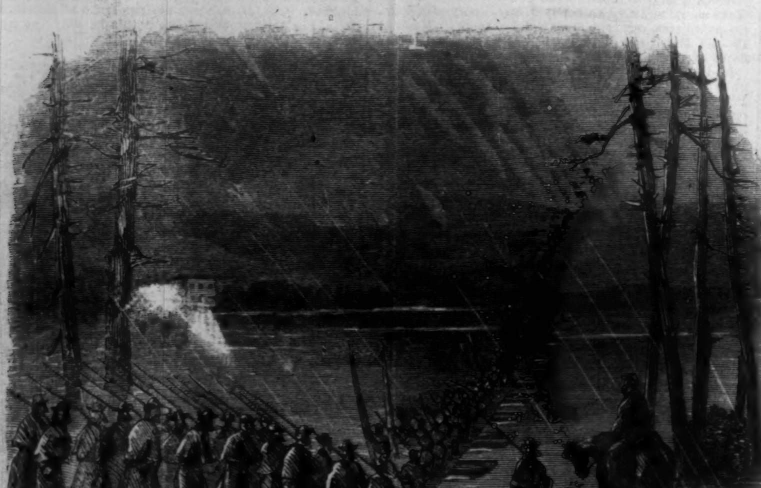
The right wing, consisting of Blair's and Logan's corps, left Savannah for Beaufort January 16. Four days afterward Slocum, with Williams's and Davis's corps, started up the Savannah. On the 4th of February Howard's column crossed the Savannah at Sister's Ferry. This column had been delayed by mud and rain and crossed the river with great difficulty. The corduroy roads next the river were almost afloat from the height of the water. In the mean time Howard had passed through M'Phersonville, which was burned, and was moving across the Salkehatchie in the face of the enemy. This was effected by troops of General Blair's command; and the following extract from a letter written by Howard to Blair the next day shows the importance of the movements referred to. He says:

"Your First Division, under Major-General Mower, with almost incredible celerity, cleared Whippy Swamp, seven burned bridges, and the road filled with felled trees; made a successful reconnoissance to Braxton's Bridge, forcing the enemy to destroy it, and to defend the causeway; then, aided by the Ninth Illinois mounted infantry, drove back the enemy, reached River's bridges so quickly as to arrest and effectually prevent their destruction. The same division, under the same indomitable leadership, in one day made two infantry roadways through the swamp, a mile and a half in extent, demonstrated strongly on the enemy's fortified front, completely turned his position, and planted itself firmly on the eastern shore of this indescribably ugly Salkehatchie. All this was done in the face of canister, shells, and a sharp, obstinate musketry fire from behind works. Your Fourth Division, under Brevet Major-General Giles A. Smith, also crossed this wide and troublesome swamp, walking in water above the knee, skirmished successfully with the enemy, and cut off all reinforcements from below, which might have hindered General Mower's success."

The movements of the right wing were now very rapid; two positions—Bambury and Midway—were gained on the Augusta and Charleston Railroad. The rebels had not properly improved their best line of defense, which was the Salkehatchie. The cavalry had already gained Blackville, on the railroad west of Branchville, and was soon followed by the Twentieth Corps. Thus, it will be seen, the left wing was rapidly coming up into position. Several miles of the road west of Branchville were destroyed. This completely isolated Augusta.

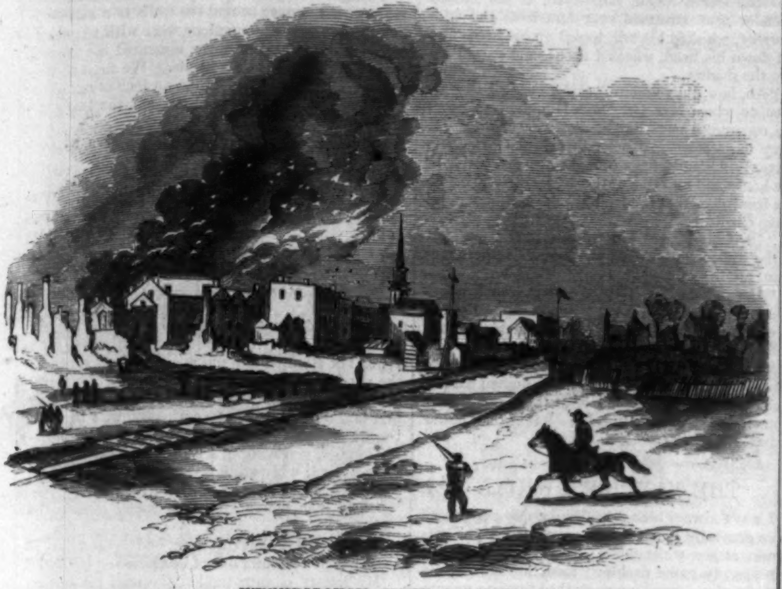
HANGING ROCK, SOUTH CAROLINA.

OLD GOLD MINE NEAR CLIBURNE'S STORE, SOUTH CAROLINA.



THE FOURTEENTH CORPS CROSSING THE CATAWBA AT ROCKY HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE TWENTIETH CORPS ENTERING CHESTERFIELD, March 2, 1865.



WINNSBOROUGH, SOUTH CAROLINA.

GENERAL MOWER FIRING THE BLAKELY GUN ACROSS THE PEDEE.

By the 14th of February both wings were across the North Edisto, Orangeburg had been occupied, the rebels flanked out of Branchville, and SHERMAN's right wing had made fifteen miles on the road to Columbia. On the afternoon of the next day the rebel fortifications on the north bank of the Congaree, and covering the approach to Columbia, were carried by the Fifteenth Corps. Making a feint of crossing below on the river, HOWARD really crossed at Saluda Factory. The factory was burned on the 17th. At 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 17th, Columbia was surrendered. We give on our first page a sketch illustrating General SHERMAN's entry into this city—the capital of South Carolina. The railroads for twenty miles about the city were thoroughly destroyed, and the public property burned. On pages 200 and 201 we give several sketches of Columbia. The State Capitol, which is not finished, has great architectural beauty. Our artist has given a view [illegible] ing as it appeared at sunset Februa[illegible] spared from the general conflagration which, on the night of the 17th, destroyed nearly the whole city. The order of architecture followed is the Corinthian. The capitals of the columns are delicately carved in marble. A great deal of this carved work, stored in sheds about the Capitol, was burned.

The great fire destroyed several hundred buildings, and deprived many poor families of their homes. SHERMAN tried hard to check the destruction, but without avail. On the 19th 20,000 bales of cotton were burned.

Across the river from Columbia is Camp Sorghum, where our prisoners were kept. Our artist has numbered the graves, and we give below the names to correspond. These men were nearly all murdered by the rebels.

No. 1. Lieutenant John Huldman, 129th Illinois, Nov. 13.
" 2. L. D. Fairfield, 89th Ohio, Nov. 8.
" 3. Capt. David Hansbury, 4th Ind. Battery, Nov. 22.
" 4. C. K. Ekings, 3d N. J.
" 5. Lieutenant A. C. Spafford, 21st Ohio, Oct. 14.
" 6. James E. Wenrick, 19th Pa. Cavalry.
" 7. John Jackson, 4th Ind. Cav., Nov. 21.

From Columbia SHERMAN pushed straight northward, as if moving on Charlotte. KILPATRICK was ordered to advance on Chesterville, while the Fourteenth Corps followed in his rear, destroying the railroad on the way. The other three corps joined the Fourteenth at Winnsborough. The Fourteenth, with KILPATRICK, still pushed northward, while the other three corps moved more to the eastward, toward Cheraw. On the 23d of February the Fourteenth Corps began the difficult crossing of the Catawba River at Rocky Hill. It was not till March 1 that this corps was able to move on to Hanging Rock, of which our artist has given a picturesque sketch. Gold Mine, a few miles farther east, also affords a characteristic picture. The [illegible]eth Corps entered Chesterfield March 2.

The next day the whole army was across Lynch's Creek, with the advance already at Cheraw, on the Great Pedee. As the rebels fled across the river Major-General MOWER sent after them a few shells from a Blakely gun which he had captured, and which had been presented to the State of South Carolina by her citizens residing abroad. Twenty-five pieces of artillery were taken at Cheraw, besides eighteen tons of powder and several thousand bales of cotton. On the 11th of March the entire army entered Fayetteville, where communication was established with Wilmington by means of the Cape Fear River. During the march 85 cannon were captured, and 4000 prisoners. Over 15,000 refugees were received; hundreds of miles of railroad and vast quantities of cotton were destroyed.

UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT FAYETTEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

CAMP SORGHUM, OPPOSITE COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SALUDA FACTORY, NEAR COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS.

They gathered by the quiet homes
  Where white stones overlean
The portals whence no footstep comes
  That once has passed between,
And raised a monument to keep
  A soldier's memory green.

The grass had not been touched by spade
  Where its slant shadow lay,
The soldier's resting-place was made
  On red field far away,
And yet with bowed, uncovered heads
  They kneeled around to pray.

Thus did they consecrate the place
  To memory of that one.
One? Why was there a vacant space
  Left ominous on the stone?
They turned to each their asking eyes
  Who dared to look thereon.

That little town its willing score
  Of patriots had sent,
And there was room for nineteen more
  Names on the monument.
They only said, "Thy will be done,"
  And went their way content.

The graver came another day
  And cut a name beneath,
And on the stone next morning lay
  Another dewy wreath;
And pale forget-me-nots were there
  That sweeten even death.

So let the soldiers' monument
  In every grave-yard stand—
Although their buried forms be blent
  With distant sea or sand—
To keep their memory for aye
  Within a grateful land.

THE BURGLARY AT THE MEADOWS.

The household at the Meadows—a lonely place, every where surrounded with low salt marshes, the mansion itself standing on a knoll and approached by a causeway of a mile in length, so handsomely shaded with elms as to be worthy of the dignified appellation of an avenue—the household at the Meadows was one night rudely disturbed from its slumbers by an alarm of burglary. One of the children, waking from some mince-pie nightmare or other, heard a most singular sound; and creeping to the bedside of Katy Small, their nurse, a little white phantom before her, pawed her into a terrified wakefulness. But after her first glance she, too, detected the stifled sound, and, seizing the matter at once, wrapped a blanket round her and flew to the door of her mistress's sleeping-room, in such a shaking fright that she could not command her voice, even had she not feared being overheard by the thieves. "Oh, ma'am! Oh, Mr. Grey!" was what slid through the keyhole, accompanied by a flutter of timid taps, till Mr. Grey began to dream of a moth battering about the window-pane suddenly endowed with voice and calling him by name, and till at his hurried, half-awake uprisal, as she made bold to turn the handle of the door, Katy turned and fled. Then Mr. Grey also heard the sound, and thrusting himself into part of his clothes, stepped out on the soft carpet of the upper hall and listened.

This sound, to which all under the roof were now aroused, was a soft, slow, griding, sliding one, as if with their delicate and muffled instruments the burglars were sawing the bolt of the great lock upon the front-door. Now and then some slight scraping of the panel took place; now and then there was a step upon the low, sunken stone; now and then the handle of the lock rung at a faint touch; now and then all gave way to something like a singular whispering.

It was well known that much valuable plate was always in use at the Meadows, for it was a hospitable place, with a round of guests and dinner-parties and suppers. Just to-night, of all nights in the year, there was no one at home but the family; and, owing to some whim of the ancient architect and owner, the apartments of the housekeeper and of a majority of the servants were in a separate building. Mr. Grey, however, was a host in himself, and he desired no help, unless he should become disabled in the combat that seemed imminent, in which event either Katy Small or one of the two chamber-maids would open the other door for his adherents to come to the rescue of his wife and children. But what if the burglars were some of those adherents themselves? The thought was like a cold chill. Yet—no; the singular whispers, which seemed to be those of some foreign language, dispelled such an idea; moreover, their fidelity and attachment to himself, the most indulgent and considerate of employers, were proverbial.

Meantime the work was progressing. While he listened they might at any moment burst open and he be found defenseless. Defenseless he certainly was at that moment, for, though a master of the noble British art, fists would be of small service against the mace or mallet of a house-breaker, and all his guns were down in the shallow closet on the other side of the front-door, so that it would be almost impossible for him to reach them without being seen. Finally, however, with one hand upon the railing of the baluster, he noiselessly slipped down, possessed himself in the dark of his best rifle and of sufficient ammunition for a siege, and returned half-way up the staircase, where, seating himself, he coolly made his preparations—made them somewhat slowly, as he could scarcely see his hand before him, loading the rifle with a charge of small-shot, determined, the moment the door gave way, to pepper the villains roundly with a ball for every bone in their bodies.

During this work, Katy Small, with the trembling help of one of the chamber-maids, had dressed the children even to their hats and water-proofs, and had furthermore tied the blankets and coverlets together in a long knotted rope, as a possible means of exit from the back should the robbers succeed in entering at the front. The other chamber-maid had taken the occasion as an opportunity for exhibiting her accomplishments, and had fallen from one fainting-fit into another faster than Mrs. Grey could bring her out of them. Mrs. Grey herself, a woman of Southern birth, was no more acquainted with fear than her husband was, and she had raised her head from her pillow full of fight. As she saw him sitting on the stair now, tinkering with his rifle, she was fired with impatience, she longed to have him go down, fling open the door, and blaze away at the assailants with such a volley as would put them to terrible rout and confusion; there was to be indiscriminate slaughter on the grass outside the door, after which the maimed miscreants were to be taken into shelter, the house turned into a hospital, and themselves nursed back to health and virtue by the inhabitants. But this was not the way to do it, sitting waiting for them, instead of dashing down, taking the war into Africa and converting the attack into defense. It seemed almost craven to Mrs. Grey, this calm delay. If she had only ever learned how to handle a gun herself she would pass him and teach him a lesson, woman as she was; but as the case stood, such conduct on her part might result in her being the only injured one herself of all the parties concerned, and add to the general disturbance disastrously. So she left the chamber-maid to her swooning, and stood at the head of the stairs a white shadow herself, urging her husband, another shadow, to descend and engage the villains, even forgetting caution and raising her voice above the slow and interrupted grinding and grating on the panel as she spurred him on.

But when Mr. Grey had crossed the hall to the gun-closet he had given his attention to the door, you may be sure, in passing. And there, dimly to be detected in the darkness of the soft, hazy, summer night, he was perfectly sure that he saw through the plate-glass sidelight the darker outline of a pair of legs, the legs of the man who stood there at work so quietly, so skillfully, upon the lock; then he heard steps upon the turf and at the other sidelight saw again the same. If, then, he could thus see two of the plunderers, there could scarcely be less than half a dozen of them in all, and for one man to go down and meet a whole band of such desperate creatures was mere bravado. Moreover, by remaining where he was he had the clear advantage of a garrison, and as they secured entrance could pop them over, one after another, like so many plump partridges.

There was never any loud outside stir, by day or night, to be heard at the Meadows; there was nothing but the flap of an eagle's wings, the swath of the mowers' scythes, the warble of the bobolink, in the morning, the scream of a night-hawk, the hum of insects in the evening—these mere sounds of nature that always make assonance with the scene around them, and leave the silence more pronounced. Mr. Grey had never been so sensible of this as now, while sitting on the stair; no other noise in all the region round could he detect than this little grate upon the door, this tap upon the lock, this step upon the turf, this strange rough whisper—it made the desolation of the place strike him with a kind of awe; he knew that haze wrapped the knoll itself, that all below and around it was waist-deep in soft cool white vapor, an airy cloudy sea in which cry or murmur would at any distance fall equally dull and dead; there were not even enough star-beams sifted into the haze about them for him to discern his assailants plainly when they should have flung open the door and confronted him. To obviate this difficulty Mrs. Grey, trying hard to curb her battailous spirit, waited with match and wick behind him, ready at the appointed moment to blaze away on her part. The enjoyment which Mrs. Grey anticipated from the fierce scratch she was to give with that lucifer-match on the unoffending wood-work, much more than equaled all that her husband looked forward to from his trusty rifle. To a person of Mr. Grey's temperament, once being fully awakened from sleep, there would have been something delicious in watching this slow, soundless lapse of a summer night; but the circumstances of danger and desolation, the suspense, the peradventure, gradually made the delay intolerable. And through it all the time there continued that slow, low, cautious, intermittent sawing, that tap upon the handle of the lock, that scratch of the panel, those steps about the turf, those whisperings in the long rank succulent grass that grew all round the low door-stone and close up to the threshold. Why they were so long about the business was more than Mr. Grey could conjecture.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Grey, her patience worn out, "there is no use in my sitting here with a match and a moderateur"—which last, though it was the name of the lamp she held, was intended for a sly hit at her husband. "These doughty knights of the latch-key will effect an entrance at this rate by the time we hear the sunrise-bells ring from town. I will leave you to watch them carefully till then; and, for my part, I shall go to bed!" And she was about to withdraw, first taking a look at the little huddled group of frightened children fallen half asleep between Katy Small and the chamber-maids.

This, at last, was more than Mr. Grey could bear, or else his own patience was exhausted. So, eager for the fray, let her have it! He sprung down the stairway, grasping his rifle surely; Mrs. Grey blazed away with her lamp and followed him; he threw back the bolts, flung open the door, and there, standing across the low, narrow stone, was a great dun ox, placidly feeding on the rich, sweet, juicy grass that grew so rankly there, the nibble of his tooth, and the swish of his tail as he brushed away the settling night-fly making a strange, whispering sound, and his brass-tipped horn tapping now upon the lock of the door, now grating on the panel, now scratching on the side-post—a mild, contented creature that stared round, large-eyed, at the sudden splendor that streamed over him from the open doorway, whisked his tail, tossed up his heels, and put down his head, wheeled about, and darted off into the shadow.

"Ah, how did you dare," said a young acquaintance, to whom Mrs. Grey was laughingly relating the occurrence next day at dinner, "to urge Mr. Grey to go down and meet them? It makes me shiver! I should have brought every valuable in the house and set them out on tables directly before the front-door that they might take our money and leave our lives."

"Precisely!" said Mr. Grey, proudly. "That is the difference between you and a Southern woman, my little friend!"

"If you mean," retorted the little friend, indignantly, "that I should value my husband's safety more than my jewels and silver—it certainly is the difference!"

"Ah, I cry you mercy!" pleaded Mr. Grey, repentantly. "Latitude hardly alters human nature, I confess. At the equator or at the poles equally womankind are all as faithful as—it is in their power to be! *A chaque sainte sa chandelle!*"

THE VAMPIRE'S WHIST.

I have always been considered a safe player, and have generally managed to economize my club-expenses at the whist-table. I never played high, nor was my game dashing; moderate stakes and prudent play carried me unscathed through many a combat. The chief secret of my success was that I never lost my head. I knew my cards with the first arrangement, and never needed look on them again. My eyes were on the table; I never had to ask who played this or that card; never one second vacillated in the plan of my campaign. If you can read my character from this account of my play, I may proceed to tell my story without further preface.

I was going to spend a winter in Florence. I had good introductions and good letters of credit; I was told I should find plenty of whist and players worthy of my steel. The night before I left London—the last game I played with my old friend and partner, Jack Maclennan—as I rose from the table Jack took me aside, and said, "Don't mention my name to Tremlett, if you meet him."

"Tremlett?" I asked.

"Have you never heard of Tremlett? You will not be long in Florence without making his acquaintance, and he'll give you a hard fight; yes, *you*, Master Harry. He's the best whist-player in Florence, and if he could come to London he would be the best whist-player here. Don't you have any thing to do with him off the table; he'll give you work enough on it."

I started next morning for the Continent, my passport duly made out, *visé*, and signed with my name, Henry James Solly. I scarcely stopped in Paris, for winter was coming on quickly, and Paris in October is often bitterly cold. At Turin I was advised not to go by sea, for the weather was very unsettled; and when I got to Genoa, and saw the vessels inside the pier rocking and swaying on the long swell, and heard the wind howling over the bay, I was glad I had profited by the advice. I had secured a place in the *Courier* from Genoa to Pisa; my fellow-passenger in the interior was a young Frenchman, with whom I struck up a speedy acquaintance. The spare seat by the side of the *Courier* was occupied by a short stout gentleman, whose face I never once caught sight of, but whose harsh voice disturbed me frequently through the night. Alighting at Pisa I resolved to stop the night, took up my quarters in the hotel, where I was joined by my fellow-passenger, and devoted the afternoon to the cathedral.

It was late in the day when I strolled away from the quiet group of medieval buildings, and lost myself in the less-frequented parts of the town. The dead stillness that reigned every where was favorable to my musings, and rested my mind after the bustle of travel, and after the years of busy London life to which I had grown so habituated. As the day fell I wandered into an out-of-the-way café, to rest myself and observe the people.

Only one other group occupied the café. It consisted of six or eight decently-dressed, and yet not prepossessing, men clustered round a short stout gentleman with bushy whiskers and a hard face, who was relating his adventures. His face was strange to me, but something in his voice struck me as familiar to my dreams. Those harsh, jarring tones, where and when had I heard them? Perhaps I looked at the man too closely, for he shifted uneasily and watched me out of the corners of his eyes, dropped his voice, wandered in his narrative, and at last came to a pause. The attention of his comrades was turned to me by this strangeness of his conduct; they all regarded me askance, and to lull their suspicions I took out a letter I had found at Turin from Jack Maclennan, and began to read. Their suspicions were soon lulled; the narrator resumed his narrative in the same loud tones as before, which, spite of my interest in the letter, haunted me and disturbed my reading. I looked up once again, and directly I did so the whole party sprang on their legs. The gentleman in the middle came up to me and asked the reason of my observing him. He spoke in Italian, and though I was not sufficiently versed in that language to follow his rapid speaking with his friends, I was so familiar with it as to carry on a conversation. Of course I disclaimed all idea of offending him; but he was not so easily satisfied.

"You traveled with me from Genoa," he replied; "you follow me into a retired neighborhood, into an unfrequented café; you watch me; then you take a letter from your pocket and watch me while you read it. What have you about me in it?"

"If the letter was not in English I should offer it for your satisfaction."

"I read English," he said, and snatched the letter from me, just glanced at the signature, and threw it in my face with the words, "You're a liar and a spy!"

Twilight was growing deeper all the while, but we went out at once behind the walls to a secluded field. Two of the group alone were with us; they placed us at a short distance, measured the paces, and put the pistols in our hands. We fired at the signal; his ball whistled within an inch of my ear; he clapped his hand to his cheek, and the two seconds ran up to him.

"It is only a scratch," he said; "give us the other pair!"

The two seconds, who had shrugged their shoulders at seeing me unwounded, obeyed him. We fired again; again the ball whistled past me, but he fell heavily and without moving. His two friends ran up to him, and one said to me *in English*, "Fly! we are not assassins!"

I caught one glimpse of his face, and I was too stupefied to fly. I walked with a composure which would have disarmed suspicion through the nearest gate, asked my way to the hotel as calmly as though I was not stunned into quietness, and sat down at the window, gazing out like one under chloroform. My trance was broken by the voices of chanting priests and the murmur of a curious crowd; through the street swept past an array of white robes bearing torches, surrounding a body, and anxious eager faces behind, whispering mystery.

"Who is it?" asked a by-stander.

"The man whose body was found outside the gate."

"Shot, you say? How long had he been dead?"

"They don't know; but he was killed on the spot."

My letters of introduction procured me instant admission to the club when I got to Florence. There was not much going on; the most eager players were shooting in the Maremma, or not yet returned from their summer rambles. I had a few rubbers with those that were left, but I met only one fair player, an ancient Florentine Englishman, named Austin. He told me about Tremlett, with whom he had often sat till six in the morning at the whist-table, and he promised to introduce me and get up a game as soon as the renowned player came back from shooting.

One afternoon, when I came into the club from a stroll in the sun along the Arno, there seemed to be more stir than usual, a fresh importation of life. An Englishman just returned from the Maremma was retailing his successful season to a knot of acquaintances. As I sat at one of the tables listening, Austin came up and told me this was Tremlett. I had thought so from his looks. He had a fine face with strong lines, and a good development of forehead, though hardly intellectual. The calculation, the effort of memory, the study of the game in the faces of the other players, had given that thoughtful appearance; something indescribable told me the exertion was not purely mental. His whiskers were probably dyed, to add youth to his face, yet the firmness of the lines about his mouth resisted all attempt at rejuvenescence. I watched him with considerable admiration, not unmixed with a slight feeling of repugnance. Was it true that he was virtually an outlaw from England, that he had been turned out of the clubs of Paris, that his name was heard with shudders by parents and guardians who had thoughtless young men to care for? Yet, if it were so, where was my danger? He might beat me at whist; but he would only teach me to play better. I neither feared being enticed into too high play, nor meeting him on other fields of rivalry. My heart almost beat at the prospect of a good fight with the cards; I felt a glow in my blood which I had not felt for thirty years.

As soon as the knot of English had broken up, Austin went to the hero of a hundred fights and said, "Tremlett, I want to introduce you to a whist-player who has heard a great deal of your prowess and wishes to encounter you."

"I shall be only too happy," answered Tremlett; and on being introduced he proposed an immediate game—"if you don't object to dummy; I fear we should hardly find a fourth at present."

We sat down. The first few games passed over easily; Tremlett talking very gayly and pleasantly either of the prospects of amusement afforded by the coming winter, or of things thirty and twenty-five years old in England. The last fifteen years was his boundary, he never breathed a whisper of that time.

We were about equally matched; if he had any strength in reserve he never showed it. He played a first-rate game, but I felt myself tolerably secure. He began with dummy against Austin and myself; but the real fight throughout was between him and me; Austin played cautiously and without speaking, for he was inferior. I took dummy next and won. When it came to Austin's turn, he would have gladly excused himself, as not being equal to a fight against two such brilliant players. Tremlett begged him to continue, for he wished to try my game as a partner. But Austin hesitated. Just then a celebrated theoretical whist-player, who never played himself, but so often stood behind and watched that he had a perfect theory of the game, entered the room, and he consented to help Austin against us.

Twilight was now creeping on gradually, and we were all silent as chessmen. I had arranged my cards quickly, and waited for Tremlett to lead. As he delayed I looked up at him, and it then struck me that I had seen his face before. His dyed whiskers contrasted now so strongly with the hard lines about his mouth, which were drawn up and puckered into thoughtfulness; he must have an embarrassing hand, I thought: pity he is not playing with dummy! For I had a most peculiar hand, one which no partner could suspect, but which would make a fortune if shown on the table. The thought had scarcely crossed my mind when Tremlett, who had been holding his right hand over the upper part of his face, withdrew it, and slapped down the very identical card which was the keystone of my game.

I looked up in astonishment, and then I noticed an alteration in his face. His hand had slightly brushed off his whiskers from their usual curl, and just under his eye I saw a scar running across the cheek-bone. How well he had concealed it!

Tremlett's lead prospered as I expected it to prosper. He led through dummy with perfect impunity, and it was the same if Austin finessed or played high. But every time Tremlett led, it was as if he saw every card in my hand; and each time I looked up I caught the same haunting expression of face which had struck me the moment we were partners. As far as I could think without neglecting my game, I tried to recall the face of which his reminded me. It must have been the scar on his cheek-bone; where had I seen any one with a scar on his cheek-bone? And yet, when I thought over it again, I remembered that I had only noticed the scar after he had played his first card; the resemblance had struck me while I waited for his lead. What was it, then? Oh, I have it! the youthfulness of his dyed whiskers bringing out the hard old look of the lines about his mouth when he was thinking. Yet there was something more wanting.

I had neglected my game during this last moment of thought, and I was recalled by my partner. "Your play, Mr. Solly!" he said, in a strange harsh voice, so different from the pleasant tones of the beginning of our game. It only wanted that to bear out the resemblance; the voice was now entirely in keeping with the face. Through the deepening twilight it grew upon me like something ghostly; the knowledge of the cards I held, the command of the game, the reading my thoughts, coupled with the ghastly look of his fresh whiskers and his hard face, seemed to paralyze me. Many times I was on the verge of making fatal mistakes; but each time it seemed that Tremlett looked at me commandingly, and his look suggested the card I should play. We won the first game with ease, but we lost the second. Tremlett said, "I like your play better as antagonist than as partner, Mr. Solly. You made a mistake."

"I own I made one," I replied. "It is the light. My eyes are rather weak, and I can't see any longer."

Tremlett called for candles, and they were lighted while the cards were dealt round. As soon as the light came full on his face I fell back in my chair with horror. I had recognized the face now; it was the man I had killed at Pisa!

We won the next game, but it was all Tremlett's play. I let him play my cards for me, as it were; I sat watching him without thinking of the game, and my hand moved as if by the exercise of his will to the right card when it came to my turn. He was getting ghastly pale; the lines of his face had assumed a rigidity really fearful, and his whiskers fell from their jaunty curl into a limp, straggling appearance. He scarcely spoke now; when he did, it was in monosyllables, with a grating, rasping voice; and there was a fierce sneer on his lips, which remained immovable. I sat opposite to him as if mesmerized.

We changed places and partners now; and I took advantage of the change to walk to the other end of the room for a breath of air, and to get a glass of brandy. I could not breathe freely with his cold glassy eyes glaring at me from over his cards, with his stony face, like a galvanized corpse, meeting my looks in every direction. It was against my rule to drink any thing stronger than lemonade while I played at whist; but I could not face this game without acquired strength, and I took off three glasses of brandy, one after the other, without a pause between them.

Tremlett took dummy now, and I was on his right. I felt easier, having Austin facing me, the more as nothing had stirred his composure. It never struck me that the power of knowing my cards, which Tremlett had shown when he was my partner, could continue to him now. We played a couple of games without incident. I kept my eyes riveted to the green baize; or if I raised them, I raised them only on my partner, or on dummy's cards. The third game it was my deal; and when I took up my cards I felt certain of the rubber. I doubt if ever before I held such cards; I shuffled them hastily over while I thought out my plan, and then I noticed one little flaw in my trumps. If Tremlett held a peculiar hand—if he led a certain card, and persisted in that suit, I was ruined. But I had no ground for supposing that he had such a hand, or that if he had it, he would play it in such a way. I felt safe.

What was it induced me to look up in his face? Fatality, I suppose. He had kept us waiting rather longer than usual, and I forgot my resolve of avoiding the sight of him. It is the natural impulse of a whist-player to look impatiently at any one who keeps you waiting for his lead, and I glanced up at Tremlett. He was looking at me curiously, with a cool, collected sneer on his lips, and a stronger resemblance than ever to the cold, stony face I had last seen between the two seconds as I turned away from the field of my duel. As my eyes caught his he quietly took a card from his hand, and, with the same look directed at me, placed it softly on the table. It was the fatal card I had foreseen. I dropped my cards on the table, face upward, and fell back in my chair.

"Game!" screeched Tremlett, in his most grating tones.

Austin looked at me with the dreadful forced composure of an injured partner, and said, "Allow me to observe, Mr. Solly, that if you had the worst cards ever dealt I had the game in my own hand: I had three honors, and you turned up the fourth."

I could only point to the card Tremlett had led; I was speechless. Austin shrugged his shoulders, and was rising from the table.

"You won't play any more, Austin?" asked the victor. "Nor you, Mr. Solly?"

With great difficulty I forced out a few words. "I am not quite well to-night. You will give me my revenge another time?"

"Ay, that I will. When shall we say? Let us see—to-day is Friday?"

God help me! it was that day week we had fought.

"To-day is Friday," he repeated. "I must go down to Pisa to-morrow morning, and I sha'n't be back for some days. Shall we say to-day week?"

I met Austin the next afternoon down the Arno. He was cold at first; but I apologized for having made a mistake in my calculation, and accounted for it by a certain feeling of indisposition. He had received a letter that morning from a London friend, speaking of my play in the highest terms, and he was flattered by an apology from one of the first whist-players in Pall Mall. He took my arm, and we walked together along the cascine.

"So Tremlett was off to Pisa early this morning," began Austin. "He played *goffo* at the club till after five, and left by the train at half past six. He's after no good now, I expect; but when a man once gets launched in those intrigues he can't stop. Well for him if he don't get caught on one of these days."

"I heard something about him in England from a friend of mine."

"Yes, I expect more is known about him in England than is known on the Continent. If some of his associates would speak out loud, not in whispers, it would be all up with his reputation, even in Florence. A Scotchman I know ran him pretty hard once, and he only got off by knowing the minister of another state, who claimed him."

"Who was the Scotchman? not Jack Maclennan, surely?" I asked.

"Who else but Jack Maclennan? Don't you mention his name to Tremlett; he's down on him. Jack would not fight a man who had been turned out of London and Paris, or else Tremlett is a dead shot."

The next Friday I went to the club to keep my engagement. I was sure something had happened as soon as I came there. No game of any kind was going on. Knots of men stood about, talking earnestly in whispers. I did not join the talk, but sat down at a table—the same table which had witnessed my disastrous game. Some of the men talking turned round and saw me; one I knew slightly came up and spoke to me.

"You are come too late, Mr. Solly. Tremlett promised to give you your revenge to-day, did not he?"

"Yes. What are you thinking of?"

"He can't give you your revenge. He has been killed in a duel."

QUESTIONINGS.

A shimmer of moon-rays falls through the open window and door,
Leaf-shadows tremble all over the clean and sanded floor,
And a young girl stands with upturned face out in the silver rain,
Her moon-white hand pressed close to her heart, as if to still its pain.

"O warm-breathed wind from the balmy South, tossing the locust-blooms,
Ye come from a land blood-red with slain, shrouded in battle glooms!
Saw ye my love as ye wandered on o'er cold, still heaps of dead—
Did his night-black curls in gory damps cling close to his lowly head?

"Is he in Southern prison hells fighting a terrible doom,
A ghastly and grim-visaged Terror more dread than the cannon's boom?
Or stands he, bravest among the brave? Can you tell me, O South wind! when
I shall see his face, and hear his voice, and press his lips again?"

But the South wind told to the questioning girl no tales of Southern plains,
But through the pendulous locust-blooms sang only sweet refrains,
As though 'mid odorous tropical airs it had snatched no dying sighs
To bear on its tremulous, unseen wings to the Lord of earth and skies.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Effects of Smoking.—The effects of moderate and immoderate smoking on the organs of the body are stated to be as follows: In an adult man who is tolerant of tobacco, moderate smoking—say to the extent of three clean pipes of the milder forms of pure tobacco in the twenty-four hours—does no great harm. It somewhat stops waste, and soothes; but there are times when it unsettles the digestion. To an immoderate degree—say to six or eight pipes a day, especially if strong tobacco and fine pipes be used—smoking unquestionably is very injurious to the animal functions. The blood is made too fluid; the biliary secretion is arrested; and the digestion is constantly deranged: there is dryness of the tongue and frequent nausea. On the heart the symptoms are very marked. They consist of palpitation, a sensation as though the heart were rising upward, a feeling of breathlessness, and, in bad cases, of severe pain through the chest, extending through the upper limbs. The action of the heart is intermittent, and faintness may be experienced. Extreme smoking is also very injurious to the organs of sense. In all inveterate, constant smokers, the pupils of the eye are dilated, owing to absorption of nicotine, and the vision is impaired in strong light; but the symptom which most of all affects the vision is the retention of images on the retina after the eye is withdrawn from them. Thus, if he turn his eyes from a window, he retains the impression of the window, the panes seeming red and the bars dark. When such pictures are seen for some minutes, the smoker may be assured that he has carried his indulgence out of the pale of safety. On the sense of hearing inveterate smoking produces disturbances: these consist of restless deafness, and ringing or whistling in the ears. The circulation of the brain is sometimes also disturbed, and giddiness and vertigo are produced. The muscles, after extreme smoking, are prostrated. Long smoking also affects the mucous membrane of the mouth, causing "smoker's sore throat." There are also some other effects occasionally produced in the mouth—viz.: sponginess of the gums and tartar on the teeth. On the whole, however, smoking does not injure the teeth. These are the worst effects of tobacco: they all point to functional disturbance. The question remains whether worse effects ever follow from over-indulgence in smoking. The great effect of tobacco is to arrest the functional processes on which growth and development depend. To the whole body of the growing youth, therefore, the act of smoking is decidedly deleterious. When, however, the body has ceased to grow, the effects of tobacco in this regard are not felt; and, when the body was falling into decay, smoking seems conservative in its action. As regards the production of specific diseases by tobacco, the hypotheses that have been raised are too loose to be accepted. It is said that tobacco dulls and destroys the mental faculties. The facts are that, when the body is in full vigor, smoking does lessen the power of the faculties; but, when the body is overworked and worn, tobacco soothes and conserves. If there were any foundation in the idea that tobacco produces insanity, the fact would be at once broadly marked in the difference of numbers of the insane in the different sexes. This remark is, however, less applicable to paralysis. It has been urged that tobacco produces cancer: the statement is utterly groundless. Neither consumption nor bronchitis, in the chronic form, can be induced primarily by smoking. At the same time it must be admitted that smoking does mischief in both these disorders when they exist, except in asthma. In the main, smoking is a luxury which any man is better without. Of nearly every luxury tobacco is the least injurious. It is innocuous as compared with alcohol; it does infinitely less harm than opium; it is in no sense worse than tea, and, by the side of high living, altogether contrasts most favorably.

Napoleon's Portrait of Cæsar.—His lofty stature and his finely-moulded and well-proportioned limbs imparted to his person a grace which distinguished him from all others. His eyes were dark, his glance penetrating, his complexion colorless, and his nose straight and somewhat thick. His mouth was small and regular, and the lips, rather full, gave to the lower part of his face an expression of kindliness; while his breadth of forehead indicated the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least in his youth; but in the busts which were made toward the close of his life his features are thinner, and bear the traces of fatigue. His voice was sonorous and vibrating, his gesture noble, and an air of dignity pervaded his whole person. His constitution, which at first was delicate, grew robust by sober living, and by his habit of exposing himself to the inclemency of the seasons. Accustomed from his youth to manly exercise, he was a bold horseman; and he supported with ease privations and fatigues. Habitually abstemious, his health was not weakened by excess of labor, nor by excess of pleasure. Nevertheless, on two occasions—once at Cordova, and then at Thapsus—he had a nervous attack, which was erroneously thought to be epilepsy. He paid particular attention to his person, shaved with care, or had the hairs plucked out; he brought forward artistically his hair to the front of his head, and this in his more advanced age served to conceal his baldness. He was reproached with the affectation of scratching his head with only one finger for fear of deranging his hair. His dress was arranged with exquisite taste. His gown was generally bordered with laticlam ornamented with fringes to the hands, and was bound round the loins by a sash loosely knotted—a fashion which distinguished the elegant and effeminate youth of the period. But Sylla was not deceived by this show of frivolity, and he was wont to recommend that people should have an eye on that young man with the flowing sash. He had a taste for pictures, statues, and gems; and he always wore on his finger, in memory of his origin, a ring on which was engraved the figure of an armed Venus. To sum up, there were found in Cæsar, physically and morally, two natures which are rarely combined in the same person. He joined aristocratic fastidiousness of person to the vigorous temperament of the soldier; the graces of mind to the profundity of thought; the love of luxury and of the arts to a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness. In a word, he joined the elegance of manner which seduces to the energy of character which commands. Such was Cæsar at the age of 18, when Sylla possessed himself of the Dictatorship. He had already attracted the attention of the Romans by his name, his wit, his engaging manners, which were so pleasing to men, and still more so, perhaps, to women.

"The Way you always Stopped."—The Vermont *Record* tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train ran into a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought *terra firma*), with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete somersault over the seat in front, and her bandbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed, and several others severely injured." "La, me; I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

Musical Boots.—A new invention in France is said to be a pair of musical boots, which have been exhibited to the Emperor. At every step the pressure of the foot produces melody—it may be a waltz, a mazourka, or an operatic air. This arrangement would be extremely convenient for a dancing-master.

Bishop Simpson and President Lincoln.—The bishop recently delivered his great lecture in Wesley Chapel, Washington, to a large audience, among whom were President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. The bishop told an anecdote about a Kentuckian asked by an Englishman what were the boundaries of our country. The Kentuckian replied that the United States were "bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the precession of the equinoxes, on the north by the aurora borealis, and on the south by the day of judgment." This reminded the facetious President of the following story, which he told *sub voce* to those around him: "John Bull met with a North American Indian, and in the course of conversation was very anxious to impress him with the greatness of the British Empire. 'The sun,' said Mr. Bull, 'never sets on English dominion. Do you understand how that is?' 'Oh, yes,' said the Indian, 'that is because God is afraid to trust them in the dark.'" The lecture ended, the President waited to greet the bishop, but could not wind up without another joke. The bishop, in showing our ability to carry on the war for any length of time that rebel pluck or persistence might make necessary, had enumerated our vast sources of wealth. "Bishop," said Mr. Lincoln, as the bishop approached him, "you never struck the *ile!*"

Mechanical Spies.—The great importance of strict punctuality and vigilance in the night police employed on the French railways suggested a few years ago to a French gentleman, M. Arésa, the idea of constructing a "tell-tale clock"—a very ingenious mechanical contrivance, which enables the superintendent of the guard to detect with certainty any neglect of duty in the men under his orders. The duty of the guard, or policeman, being to pass particular spots at exact intervals during his night patrol, a kind of table dial is placed at such places, and at the times indicated it becomes the duty of the watchman to press his finger upon a small button, or stud, no other part of the apparatus being within his control. On the following day, when the clock is opened, a circular card is found to be pierced with holes, made by the guard at each of his visits, and this card shows at a glance the exact moment of the night when each hole was pierced. The mechanism is stated to be very simple. The circular card is made to revolve by means of the hour-wheel of the clock, and the stud which is pressed by the watchman acts on a sharp needle which perforates the card. Of course, if the card be pierced in a wrong place it affords incontestible evidence that a neglect of duty has taken place, by which the lives of railway travelers have been endangered. The employment of these ingenious mechanical spies has proved highly successful. The temptation to sleep, so natural in night-watchers, but often so disastrous in its consequences, is of course greatly diminished where the slightest neglect is certain to be detected. Messrs. Smith's detector clock, employed in some of our prisons, appears to be similar in principle to M. Arésa's instrument. This apparatus consists of a revolving frame fitted with pins. As on the French railways, the watchman is required at stated periods of the night to touch the little knob, which leaves an infallible evidence of his watchfulness while the other inmates of the prison are wrapped in slumber.

Perfume.—Perfume, as its name imports, was in a manufacturing sense originally incense, the earliest use of perfumery having been to offer sweet odors to the gods. It was very soon, however, applied to human use, all the great nations of the old civilization esteeming sweet scents among the most recondite and delicious of luxuries. They were made and sold by the Egyptian priests from myrrh, frankincense, almonds, and other plants, and were used generally in the form of unguents or sweetened oils. The priests seem to have understood their art pretty thoroughly, for there is a vase in Alnwick Castle which after six thousand years (?) still retains its scent. They burned also aromatic woods, and they communicated their art to the Jews, Moses, for example, who was learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, giving distinct recipes for the manufacture of perfume by mingling stacte, onycha, and galbanum with pure frankincense, while the Canticles record in one verse nearly all the perfumes then in use, which were camphire, spikenard (*sumbul*, a plant like valerian, the true botanic name of which is valeriana jatamansi), saffron, calamus (root of the sweet flag), cinnamon, frankincense, myrrh, and aloes—the last meaning the wood of the aloexylum agallochum, and *not* the plant commonly known by that name. The Jews perfumed their beds, as country folks do now, and probably for the same motive, as they certainly thought many perfumes preservative of their clothes. The Greeks, too, scented the oils with which they anointed themselves, and Solon, who entertained strongly the idea of the ancient world that refinement enervates, prohibited perfumes, which, however, remained in use among all who could afford to pay for them. The scents most frequently used were iris, rose, saffron, spikenard, marjoram, extract of vine leaves, and many other flowers and substances, different cities having local reputations for their unguents. Unguents were used also at the banquet, and guests were sometimes crowned with violets or sprinkled with scented water—a practice which in a Southern climate and among a race not clad in broadcloth has a delicious effect. The Romans loved perfume, as they loved all luxuries costing money and trouble, and were especially devoted to unguents, though they used liquids and invented the scented powders which are still used all over the world. They had a curious partiality for saffron, spreading it over their rooms, and Martial once complained bitterly that a friend gave him a dinner of perfumes only.

Charles the Fifth is said to have first brought short hair into fashion, when, afflicted with severe headaches, he had his locks clipped as close as might be. But succeeding generations tired of this mode and permitted their hair to grow long. The Cavaliers more than ever cherished their flowing curls—following the fashion of their martyred king, and distinguishing themselves markedly from their opponents, the Parliamentarians, who, holding "love-locks" and "Absalom hair" to be sinful, shaved close, and earned the names of Crop-ears and Roundheads. In later days, when time and misfortune had thinned and grizzled their hair, the Royalists were glad to take up with the peruke which Louis XIV., to give height and importance to a presence not naturally dignified, had made the vogue in France. Youth followed the example which age had set. To be a man of fashion it was indispensable to wear a wig. The perukes of the time of Charles and James the Second were of enormous size. The pictures of Lely and Kneller offer fine examples of these wigs. It has been said that the two painters may always be distinguished by their method of treating this important article of dress. In Lely's portraits the wig falls down the shoulders in front; in Kneller's it is tossed back and hangs over the shoulders behind. That these extravagant head-dresses had their devout admirers may be gathered from the story told of a country gentleman, who employed an artist to paint periwigs on the heads of several portraits of his ancestors by Vandyck—determined, it is presumed, that the departed worthies, though in their graves, should yet be in the fashion.

The Campaign Wig was imported from France some time before 1700. This was very full and curly, eighteen inches in length, with "drop locks." When sufficient human hair was not procurable for the purpose, a little horse-hair was used in the parts least visible. The *Protestant Mercury* of July 10, 1700, relates a story of a provident Oxfordshire lass, who was unwilling to marry without a sum of £50 in hand by way of portion; her friends being unable to assist her she came to town, "where she met with a good chapman in the Strand, who made a purchase of her hair (which was delicately long and light), and gave her £60 for it, being twenty ounces at £3 an ounce; with which money she joyfully returned into the country and bought her a husband."

These wigs were sometimes worth forty or fifty guineas. This probably accounts for their being so frequently stolen. The *Weekly Journal* of March 30, 1717, informs the public that the thieves have discovered a villainous mode of robbing gentlemen by cutting through the backs of hackney-coaches, and taking away their wigs, and also "the fine head-dresses of the gentlewomen." "So," says the journalist, "a gentleman was served last Sunday in Tooley Street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch Street; wherefore this may serve as a caution to gentlemen or gentlewomen that ride single in the night-time, to sit on the fore seat, which will prevent that way of robbing." Another way (to use a cookery-book phrase) is recorded in Gay's "Trivia"—

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng,
Lured by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn:
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy whose hand to rapine bred
Plucks off the curling honors of thy head.

The theft was rendered the more easy of accomplishment from the fact of the hat never being worn over these wigs, but simply carried in the hand or under the arm.

A story is told of a large black wig with long flowing curls, which had been worn by King Charles II., coming into possession of Suett, the comedian, a great collector of wigs. This particular wig was put up for auction at a sale of the effects of Mr. Rawle, Royal Accoutrement Maker, who died late in the last century. The wig, handed round to the company, was put on by Suett, who facetiously continued his biddings with the royal peruke on his head. The other bidders, greatly amused, declared the lot ought to be knocked down to the actor before he took it off; this was done in a moment; the wig was Suett's before he could remove it from his head. He played in it for some years in "Tom Thumb," and other plays, until it was burned in a fire which destroyed the theatre at Birmingham. Suett was met the morning after the fire exclaiming disconsolately, "My wig's gone! my wig's gone!"

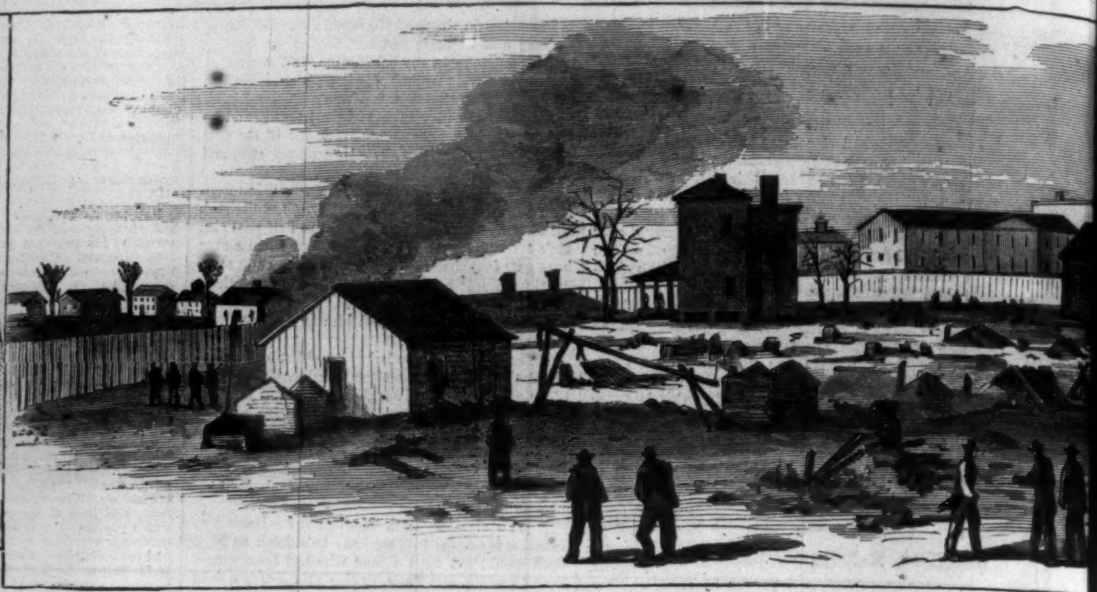
But wigs went out at last with powder, and patches, and hoops. The French Revolution brought in new fashions. Men brushed up their hair straight from their foreheads, according to the Brutus fashion of the Republic. Women cut their hair short at the back, wearing little crisp curls that left the neck entirely free, with room for an imaginary axe to fall cleanly; this mode was called *à la guillotine*. For Fashion seldom approaches even the sensible; you must never expect her to be serious; she was not shocked into sobriety of demeanor even by the Reign of Terror. The scaffolds still wet and crimson, she instituted *Bals à Victime*, into which none were admissible but those whom the executioner had deprived of a relative or relatives, and every dancer was to wear a band of crape round the left arm. "Peace be to the dead: let us *dance* to their memory," as Mr. Carlyle puts it.

Valuation of San Francisco.—The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "During the last three years, which have been the most trying of the transition period, the assessed valuation of this city has increased from \$147,000,000, in round numbers, to \$177,000,000, showing an average gain of \$10,000,000 per annum, in spite of Washoe and drought. The increase in one year alone, from 1862 to 1863, was about \$14,000,000."

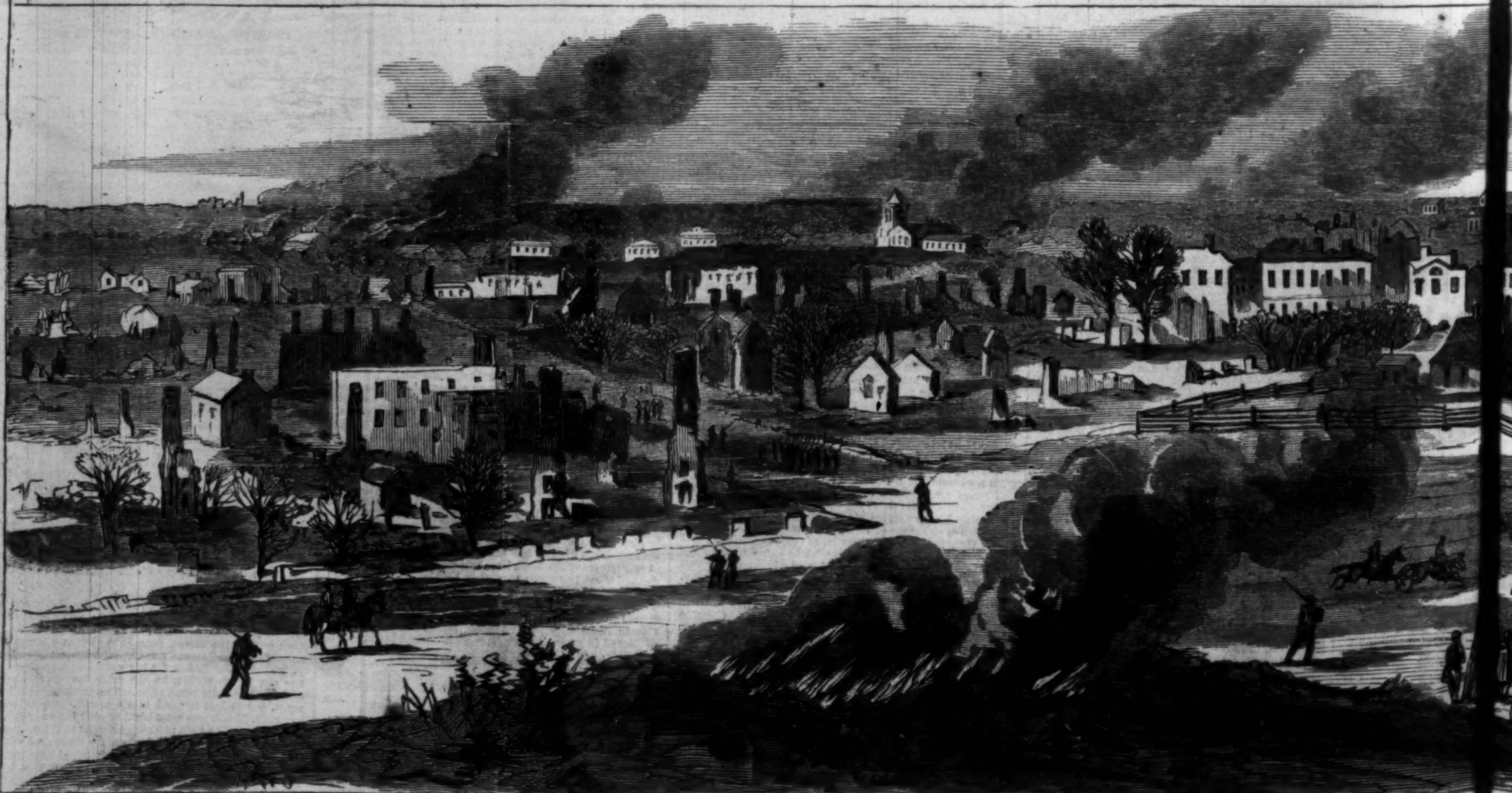
An Innocent Robber.—The *Narodny Listy* of Prague relates the following curious incident: "One night lately, M. M——, a magistrate, when returning home through a dark and narrow street, come into violent contact with a passenger, who instantly made off with all speed. The judge immediately felt for his watch, and finding that it was not in his pocket, he ran after the supposed robber and demanded its restitution. The man hesitated a moment, but at last handed him a watch. On arriving at home, M. M—— was astonished to see his own watch lying on a table. The next morning he went to the police-office, related his adventure, and gave up the watch which he had so strangely obtained on the previous evening. The officer on duty then informed the magistrate that a person had just called to complain that he had been robbed of his watch in the street mentioned, and the fact was at once ascertained that both the magistrate and the complainant had mistaken each other for robbers."

A Fair Share.—With this year the British Parliament has been in existence six hundred years, out of which Lord Palmerston has had a tenth as his share.

GEN^L SHERNAN RECEIVING "THE MAROH TO THE SEA."

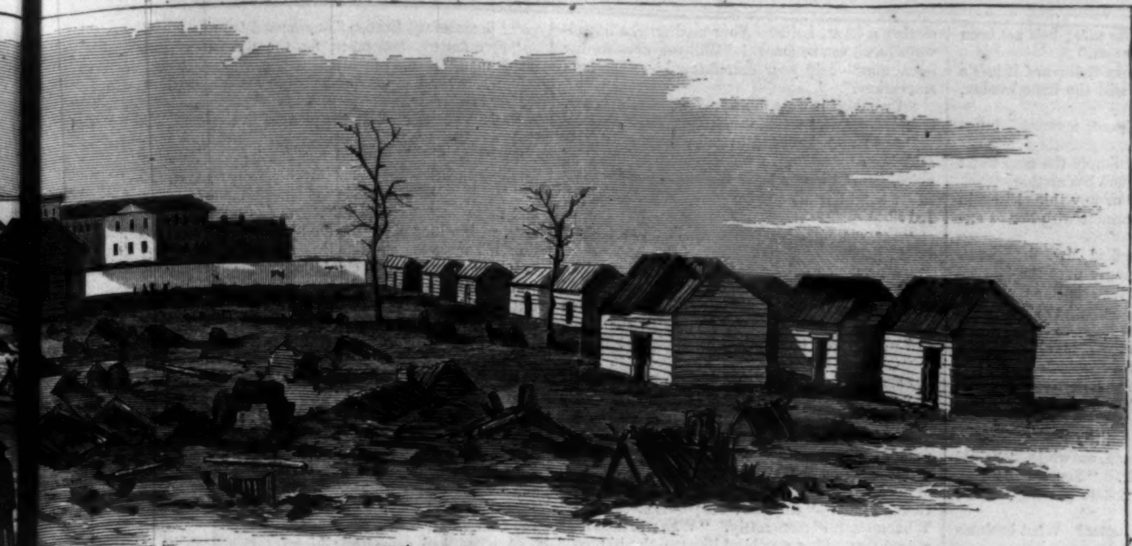


RUINS OF COLUMBIA FROM THE FRONT OF THE CAPITOL. LOOKING NORTH.



Asylum.

SCENES IN COLUMBIA, SOUTH CA NA, T



INTERIOR OF OFFICER'S PRISON, COLUMBIA, S.C.

ESCAPED PRISONERS AIDING UNION CITIZENS.

STATE CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, S.C. FEB. 18. /65.

Treasury Building. Market-house. New State House.

INA, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.

LAST WORDS.

And have they told you all? Ah yes, I see
At last you know it—know that I must die.
Don't tremble so; but come and sit by me,
And hold my hand, and be as calm as I.
Bend nearer, for my voice is faint and low;
And I would tell you something ere I go.

I've known a long time now that in that heart,
Whose every beat was music to my ear,
I've held the *second* place. Nay, do not start;
I would but tell you—not reproach you, dear.
You loved *her* first; and though with all your will
You strove to conquer it, you love her still.

'Twas hard to bear—to know that she whose whim
Had blighted all the sunshine of your life,
Could make your cheek flush and your eye grow dim
E'en with a word: I could not, though your wife.
I struggled hard to win your love; but no!
I could not win it; yet I loved *you* so.

The hope that lighted up my path so long
Has flickered and died out. I could not live
Without your love; but you did me no wrong—
I could not gain what you had not to give.
Nay, weep not! I am happy now I see
You'll love my mem'ry better far than me.

The strife has been so long, the way so drear,
I feared my patience and my trust in God
Would fail; but now I see the end so near,
'Tis easier far to bow beneath the rod.
The night is nearly o'er; the morn is nigh:
Thank God for taking me! Dear love, good-by!

THE BROUGHTONS.

She might be a little too young for him, perhaps; but if she was, that was the only fault between them; and that was a fault which—as the mother said, putting back her flaxen ringlets with a coquettish air—would mend itself every day, as her own dear husband used to say. Gentlemen over thirty did not in general complain of the over-youthfulness of their wives; she always found *that* went—what was that celebrated expression of the mathematicians, her poor dear husband was so fond of using?—by inverse ratio, or something like that.

"Looks liker for the mother than the darter," muttered the pew-opener, pretending to be looking at the prayer-book, and not at the bride.

And so he did. For the mother was one of those fair, ringleted, brisk, little women who are only in middle age at sixty, and who positively refuse to be old at eighty; trim, well-dressed, coquettish; with very white teeth and very blue eyes, a little closed at the corners, as if the edges had been badly cut and bungled in the hemming—eyes that were afflicted with an occasional squint, and more apt to look at things out of those badly-cut corners than straight in the face—but as blue as two turquoise beads and as sharp as a bird's; a lively little woman, who never got tired, and was never stupid or sleepy, but always full of resources and clever shifts, and who could by no means be put out of countenance nor made to lose her self-possession; a pleasant-mannered little woman, full of smiles and endearing epithets, and very cordial pressure of her somewhat sinewy hand; a wise and crafty little woman, who wore silken surcoats over her inner coat of mail, and tinged the tips of her fingers so skillfully you never saw she had iron claws at the end of them hooked like a vulture's beak.

No two people could be more unlike than the mother and daughter. Laura Broughton was one of those girls who look full of a really formidable amount of character. She was tall, and what people call well developed; indeed, her figure was the figure of a woman of five-and-twenty rather than of a girl scarcely seventeen. Her hair was of the darkest shade possible next to black, just lifted out of absolute blackness by the shy scattering of brown-gold threads through it, and the quite full gold of the ends and downy undergrowth. To look at her casually you would say she was full of strength; but when you came to examine her closely you would see that what you mistook for solid masonry was mere painted scaffolding, and that the marble statue in the niche was nothing but a bit of highly-colored wax, which any one with ten working fingers could mould to their will. Those straight black brows of hers that looked so harsh and were so soft and silken, were indicative of neither will nor decision, nor even of keen perceptions; those dark eyes with the dash of red through the brown, and ever a soft suffusion over them like embryonic tears not perfected, shone only with timidity and pity—there was no fire in them for all their size and radiance; the red lips, a little swollen, were like twin roses, full and loose and richly redolent of youth and love, but without the harder core of the rose; in a word, she was nothing but a great, soft, beautiful child masquerading as a woman, full of tenderness and love and sweet obedience and self-sacrifice, but with a will and individuality as yet only in the germ. Her mother was not quite the kind of person to allow even a strong nature to develop side by side with herself; what boundless power of compression, then, had not those curved iron fingers of hers had in the manipulation of such a plastic creature as this!

Of Gordon Johnstone a few words will be enough. A tall, handsome, military-looking man; exact to the extreme of precision; grave to almost gloom, but tender as none but the strong can dare to be; with an iron will in the centre of him surrounded by wide outworks of lofty kindness and secure tolerance; scrupulous in money matters and rigidly truthful. A strong, self-centred man, able to walk alone without the recognized social supports, he was yet proud, as such men are, of the merits and possessions of his wife; proud of her as she stood there carved out of the purest marble, and silently defying the world to find a flaw any where. This was the group, then, that set out on the great highway of life together, without a cloud in the sky as yet.

"A person wants to speak to you, ma'am."

"Who is it, Annie?" said Mrs. Broughton.

"I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure; he's not been here before, and he asked for you."

"Go and see what he wants, then; and if he's a gentleman, show him up," said the little woman, briskly.

"But Gordon is not at home, mamma," interposed Laura, in her soft, low, deprecating voice.

"Well, and what then? Surely the man won't eat us up alive, child!" laughed her mother.

"But if he wants money or any thing?" again urged Laura, fear ever uppermost with her as expectation with her mother.

"Leave that to me," replied Mrs. Broughton, arranging her curls becomingly over the bow of bright blue ribbon, worn at the side like a matronly kind of snood.

"The very person I want to leave it to," said a thick oily voice, and a swarthy man, almost like a man of color he was so dark, shabby, and vulgar, but yet not one of the "lower classes," as they are called, pushed the servant aside and entered the room.

Mrs. Broughton gave one little cry—only one; and for a moment became green, not white. "Sam!" she then said, in a low voice. "You villain!"

"Well! that's an affectionate greeting, at all events!"

"What would you have better? What business have you here at all?"

"That I call cool! I should think more business than any one else." And Sam's dark face grew darker with the sullen look that came into it.

"But so suddenly—so unexpectedly!" said Mrs. Broughton, changing her tack with masterly facility, and falling into the old cheery manner quite naturally—but squinting.

"Which should have made the pleasure of my visit all the greater," sneered the man, "if you had been a duti—"

"If I had been an affectionate sister!" laughed Mrs. Broughton, shrilly. "Well! and so it should, I confess."

Sam looked at her for a moment and whistled.

"Oh! that is the game, is it?" he said, and planted his legs wide apart. Then he turned to Laura. "And who have we here? My niece?" he asked.

"Yes, your niece, Sam, your poor brother's child and my sweet daughter," said Mrs. Broughton, with what was meant to be a tender touch upon her daughter's sleek head.

"Ah, well, she's a credit to him," said Sam, examining her much as if she had been a horse or a dog. "Come here and kiss me, my dear."

"Go and kiss your uncle, my precious Laura," repeated Mrs. Broughton, in a caressing tone.

Laura hesitated.

"Do as you are bid, child," said her mother in a low voice, harshly.

And Laura went.

"Well, did I do you a great deal of harm, my dear?" said the man, after he had kissed her, holding her still in his arms and looking at her with a strange expression.

"No," blushed Laura, and stammered and tried to free herself from him.

"But you didn't like it, eh?" and the vindictive expression that seemed the only one really natural to him came into his face for the second time in this short interview.

Laura was silent; her mother gave her a sharp, sidelong look, and her uncle frowned heavily; and the young wife felt instinctively that a web was weaving round her, of which she could foresee neither the outlet nor the extent.

"Of course you know what I have come for, Louisa?" then said Sam, turning to Mrs. Broughton, and running his fingers through his short, curled, crisp hair.

She tossed her head and made her flaxen ringlets dance. "The old story, I suppose!" But though she tried to speak with jaunty unconcern the intense shrillness of her voice a little betrayed her, and her squint became painful to witness.

"Exactly so," said Sam.

Mrs. Broughton glanced at her daughter out of the corner of her eye. "*I* have no money," she then said, emphatically.

"No?" Sam looked incredulous and insolent. "Yet you are living with a fine house and a fine appearance—all sham, eh?"

"It is not mine," said Mrs. Broughton. "I am as poor as I ever was, and poorer. If you want any thing you must ask Laura there."

"Fact? Seems strange, too! I should have thought that my pretty niece would have taken better care of her mother than that."

"It is not mine, it is my husband's," said Laura, scarlet to her very neck.

"I always thought that was much the same thing," observed Sam.

"It ought to be," returned Mrs. Broughton, with the air of a clencher.

"But it is not," said Laura, a little faintly; "and, considering that I have nothing of my own, ought not to be so in our case."

"Oh! Gordon is very generous, that I will say for him," said Mrs. Broughton, twisting her bracelet; "and doesn't make much fuss with the bills."

"He always looks at them and checks my money," Laura answered. Then, with a burst—"And I could not give any away without his permission."

Sam and Mrs. Broughton looked at each other.

"Oh yes you could, dear!" said her mother, gently. "Nothing more easy. Now, Laura, love," she went on, coaxingly, "the truth is, you must help your uncle out of a little difficulty. He wants money, and you must supply him with what you have. How much will do, Sam? a few dollars? Yes, a few. I know that Gordon gave you thirty only yesterday. You must be a good and kind girl and save your poor uncle from a very painful position. Your own dear papa's brother, Laura—think of that!"

"I would give all I had of my own," said Laura, "but I can not give away what is Gordon's."

"Nonsense! you can make it up again—I will give it you again, if that is all. Laura, you *must*. It is not often that I beg of my own child, but I do beg of you now! Will you not do your own poor mother a favor, Lalla? Your mother who has always loved you so fondly! Will you not—for her sake, mind—help your dear father's brother from starvation?"

"I would if it were my own," again said Laura, troubled. "But would it be honorable?"

"Am I no judge of right and wrong, my dear?" said Mrs. Broughton, with touching humility of voice. "If I see no harm in it need you? Am I to be taught truth and honor by my own child, Lal?"

"Yes, mamma, I know—I didn't mean that—" began Laura.

"Oh yes you did, dear!" and the mother wiped her very blue eyes and made the eyelids red. "And you have been very much altered to me since you married; and I'm sure I love you still the same, and would be all to you a mother could be!"

"Oh, mamma! don't say that!" Laura threw her arms round her neck and sobbed.

"I should be sorry to be the cause of any trouble here," then said Sam, coming forward: "so let me go. I have only one resource," with a desperate cast of his hard black eyes upward, and a clenching of his hairy hand against his breast, and a setting of his teeth, and the hard sucking in of the breath through them—"only one: the poison or the knife! What matters?" more softly. "Who will miss me? a good-for-nothing vagabond like me—let him go!"

Mrs. Broughton gave a faint kind of howl and squinted out of the corners of her eyes. Laura sobbed piteously. "I will tell Gordon all, and I am sure he will not mind," she then said, and drew out her purse—her new brown Russia leather purse, which Gordon had given her specially for the housekeeping funds—and gave him ten dollars.

"God bless you, sweet child!" said the mother, kissing her.

"God bless you, my angel!" said the uncle, kissing her too; and Laura's tender heart glowed, and her soft brown eyes rained over with love and happiness.

In the midst of which came Gordon's well-known military knock at the door, and sobered Sam and his sister like a jug of cold water dashed into their faces.

"Go away! go away, you wretch!" said Mrs. Broughton, with sudden savageness, shuffling him out of the room. "I will murder you if ever you play me this trick again," she whispered, as she pushed him through the doorway.

"Who was that?" asked Gordon, striding into the room with his usual long commanding step slightly quickened.

"Oh, it was my—" began Laura.

"The laundress man," interposed Mrs. Broughton, briskly. "Fancy a man-washerwoman, how absurd!—who came here with a pitiful tale of distress, and your good wife here lent him five dollars. She's a tender-hearted little thing, Gordon, and you will have to take care of that in her; but I felt sure you would not be angry; so I did not check her this time. He is not angry with you, dear; I said he would not be! and then, you know, it is only lent, and will be made up by degrees in the washing, so no harm is done, is there? You dear old fellow!" and Mrs. Broughton kissed her tall son-in-law's chin, which was all she could reach up to. "I quite love you myself, I declare I do!"

"Oh, mamma! mamma! what have you done?" cried poor Laura, when Gordon left the room. She was almost awe-struck at what she had heard, for her mother had never dropped the mask to her before.

"What else was there to do, simpleton? Tell that proud husband of yours that you have a vagabond uncle whose mere acquaintanceship would disgrace him, let alone any nearer tie!" said Mrs. Broughton, with strange savageness of manner, the velvet withdrawn and the claws out.

"But why did you never tell me about this uncle before, mamma?—and why did you not tell Gordon the truth before he married me?" cried Laura, with growing energy.

"Because, my dear, I have ears of only the ordinary length, and I am not quite so absurd as you seem to think me," answered Mrs. Broughton, quite her old charming self again. She never kept her passion for long; it did not pay, she used to say, and self-control was not difficult to her. "It was too good a chance to throw away on a Quixotic sentiment of that kind!"

"If I had only known it!" exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears.

"Ah yes, if you had; but then, you see, you didn't, Lal, and I never meant you should; and, what is more, you never would, if your good-for-nothing uncle had not so wickedly tracked me down."

"I will tell Gordon all honestly this very night, and then he can do as he likes about living with me any longer," said Laura, with fresh weeping. "It is only right that he should know."

"And if you do, young lady," said Mrs. Broughton, clutching her arm with all the force of her small bony hand, "I will not kill you, but I will kill myself. Mind that, Laura! and you know I never make vague threats, or say what I don't mean. And not only that, but Gordon will hate you, and very likely divorce you, and then you will go about the world without a home or a character, and with a ruined husband and a murdered mother on your conscience."

And poor, simple Laura believed her, and did *not* tell her husband.

When the week's accounts came to be overlooked, for Gordon chose to see into all this kind of thing for himself, wishing to train his young wife into exactness and care, there was the deficit of ten dollars staring him in the face. Laura had been too honest to write down five as "Loan to the laundress man," according to her mother's suggestion. If, overborne by fear, she had consented passively to this deception in chiefest part for her mother's sake, she could not bring herself to do so actively. Her partnership with sin should at least be only negative, she said to herself; as if sin can ever be merely negative!

"Ah, what is this?" said Gordon, reckoning; "where's the ten dollars, Lalla?"

"I don't know, Gordon," stammered Laura.

"Five dollars, remember, for the washer-woman's man," chimed in Mrs. Broughton from the sofa, where she was making a scarlet smoking-cap for her son-in-law.

"Oh yes? well! then that leaves five. Now, little one, the five?"

Laura trembled, but did not speak; she only fumbled in her pockets, and dived into her purse, looking into the little divisions for postage stamps and receipt stamps, and all manner of queer corners, with a kind of instinctive hypocrisy, poor little soul! more to gain time than any thing else.

"Why, you naughty child, do you mean to say you have actually been losing a whole five-dollar bill?" said Mrs. Broughton, getting up from the sofa and coming to them.

"I know nothing about it," cried Laura, and burst into tears.

"Goose!" said her mother, and slapped her hand as if in play, but taking care to slap it pretty hard when she was about it.

Gordon looked at his young wife with a long steady look. "Put the books away, Laura," he then said, a little gloomily, and sighed, and sat all the evening after with his chin in his hand, looking into the fire and weaving unpleasant fancies from the flames.

A cloud had come over Laura. Her husband could not define either its shape or its origin, he was only conscious of its existence. Instead of being the loving, tender-hearted creature of former days, she had become gloomy and almost morose, with a sullen manner, half angry, half terrified, toward her mother, and a shrinking withdrawal from himself, inexpressibly painful to witness. She would sit for hours doing nothing; neither working nor reading; simply staring out of the window in a vague abstraction, or looking into the fire, with the tears dropping silently from her eyes. She only spoke when she was spoken to, and then she started as if awakened out of a sleep, and as often as not answered wide of the mark as if her wits were wool-gathering, as her mother said they were. She refused to keep house, too, any longer, alleging her inability to make her accounts come right, and refusing Gordon's offers to help her through; and as her mother was always at hand, and was a first-rate manager, Gordon turned over the military chest and the commissariat to her, until such time as Laura should return to her right mind, which he firmly believed she had lost. He did not gain much by the change. For he found that Mrs. Broughton's clearly kept and cleanly written columns always added up to rather more than Laura's girlish sprawls and blotches had done; and that the housekeeping had risen with a bound on an average ten dollars a week. And yet with no better or richer mode of living as the visible cause. But what could be done? "Fish varies from day to day, and it was very unfortunate indeed that we, Laura and I, chose the dear day when you say it was so cheap down in Catherine Street the day before, or after, I forget which now. And as for brooms and brushes, no, dear boy, they don't burn them for fire-wood—you are so funny, Gordon! or boil the bristles into soup; they are a little extravagant in them, I confess, but then, you see, what a beautiful house you have in consequence, and how delightfully clean! However, there are the items set down correctly, one by one, and if you can point out to me where we can save, I am sure we will; won't we, Laura love?"

But Gordon couldn't point out the specially offending items; and if he did, those were the very things, you dear stupid old thing, that were absolutely indispensable—might as well do without bread or boots! or that were singularly cheap, or singularly small in quantity—just the very thing of all not to be interfered with, and that couldn't be cut down, or lessened, or altered in any way. So Gordon gave up contesting the point; and not being suspicious, however rigid, accepted the rise in his household expenses as righteous and inevitable, however mysterious.

He cared more about Laura's strange state of mind and uncomfortable behavior; but here, too, Mrs. Broughton came to his aid as his better angel, and smiled meaningly, and danced her curls, and twinkled her two turquoise beads, and said: "Don't notice her, my dear boy, she'll be better presently; and worse, poor little soul!" which made Gordon so gravely tender to her for days after, so considerate and gentle, that Laura's heart nearly broke; though her manner was colder and more constrained than ever, and her shrinking from him more apparent. "When will all this end?" she cried, half aloud, as she flung herself on her knees by her bedside, in a passion of despair and unavailing remorse. "When shall I escape from this, and be no longer a thief in my husband's house—no longer living a life of robbery and deception? Oh, if I could only die! if God would only let me die!" But young things live long, and Laura's initiation into the solemn terror of sin, however much it agonized her, blanched no shining hair and traced no lines upon her smooth rich face. It saddened her soul but did not corrode her body; and well for her, though she in her girlish impatience thought it ill, that she had time left her, and grace and opportunity for reparation.

It was a terrible night—one of the most terrible of its kind—with almost a human passion in its fury, and more than human despair. The wind raved and howled through the streets, and through the houses too, where no amount of drapery could keep it from stealing into the room like the ghostly wolf broken loose from the northern hell; the rain beat against the window-panes, and tore down on the pavement which it lashed and spurned like a liquid whip, making the gaslight reflections all dance and quiver and spout up in jets of light, as it plowed the wet already lying; and, mingled with the rain, was a cold and ghastly sleet and the stinging blows of hail, all knotted and twined together in a triple cord of winter wrath.

"What a night for Gordon!" said the mother, glancing at her daughter out of the corners of her eyes. Laura shivered for sympathy, but did not answer. "And what a night for all poor houseless wretches!" continued Mrs. Broughton, a little con-

fusedly as to her tabulation. "What a night, indeed! not fit to turn a dog into!"

"No," said Laura, by way of saying something. And then there was silence again, as there always was now between the mother and daughter. And the wind howled more fiercely than before, and the rain beat more heavily against the windows, and the cruel bitterness of the evening deepened, till it seemed almost like the face of God withdrawn from the world.

A knock came to the door. It was not Gordon's knock, but a louder and clumsier knock, quite as imperative but not so refined; for even door-knockers can be made expressive of states, and give utterance to insolence, or anger, or eagerness, or timidity, as eloquently as words. Laura and her mother both knew too well whose knock it was: the one turned scarlet and trembled, the other a light shade of green and frowned, but there was no sign of a coming contest in either; only of fear and anger in the one, and of craft and anger in the other.

"Mr. Roderick," said Annie, opening the door sullenly. "Roderick, indeed!" she repeated, when she went down stairs to cook; "and I wonder who's 'Roderick,' and as like to our young missis as pork's like to pig. I have eyes, I have!" which, indeed, Miss Annie, every one has not.

It was a strange contrast to that luxuriously furnished room, with its two brightly-dressed, elegantly-appointed ladies, such a visitor as now stood in the blaze of the fire and under the shine of the gas. Haggard, dirty, wet to the skin, insolent with the insolence of a social and moral ruin that can never be built up again, the hunted look of a wild animal in his bloodshot eyes, and the desperation of a criminal prepared for the worst, yet prepared also to fight to the last, in his close-pressed mouth—he looked what he was, emphatically a dangerous man throwing for his last stake.

"I have come here again, Louisa, you see," he said, abruptly, "in spite of your warning."

"Yes, I see," returned Mrs. Broughton, quietly; "and a pretty pleasant night you have chosen."

"It suits me," he said, with a little laugh.

"Does it? I can imagine it," said Mrs. Broughton, in the same quiet, well-behaved way.

"Have you nothing to say to your uncle, Laura?" then said the man, speaking harshly, and scowling at Laura.

"Nothing in the way of welcome," burst out Laura, not in her usual manner of shy timidity, but with a passion—a breaking down of accustomed restraint—that showed more than any thing else could have done what a terrible effect her late experience was working in her.

Her mother touched her foot. "Our dear pet is not quite well to-night," she said, in a voice that was meant to be warning. "You must not be angry with her, Sam."

"I have rather too much to think of, just at present, to care much for a little girlish impertinence," said Sam. But his dark and angry look did not quite suit the scornful carelessness of his words. "It is only one dig the more!" he added.

"You have no business here at all," Laura went on to say, excitedly. "It is not our house, but Gordon's; not our money, but his. You have no right to come about us as you do, following us in the streets, and making mamma give you money every week, which then she has to tell stories about, and pretend she has spent in the house. If it were not for her sake I would tell my husband every thing at once, and let him know the whole truth."

"I advise you not," said Sam, speaking very slowly and deliberately; "unless you are tired of him, or unless he is weary of his own life; for I swear to you this, as true as there's a God in heaven, I would cut his throat if he dared to lay a finger on me."

"And so he would," said Mrs. Broughton. "*I* know that!"

"My husband could defend himself," cried Laura, scornfully; but she turned very pale as she spoke, and it was evident that her own thoughts frightened her, however brave her words.

"Could he?" sneered Sam. "I am glad you think so; but I advise you not to try it on. I can be good-natured, you see, sometimes, and I advise you not; just for your own sake, you know."

"And are we never to get rid of this horrible life?" exclaimed Laura, clasping her hands before her eyes.

"All in good time, my dear," said the man, brutally. "Perhaps sooner than you expect." And he looked at Mrs. Broughton, watching him out of the badly-cut corners with eyes that were more snake-like than human. "At all events you are not going to get rid of me just yet. Give me something to eat."

"Mamma!" appealed Laura.

She sighed and shrugged her shoulders. "What can I say, my dear? He is hungry," she said. "Perhaps," she then whispered, "if you treat him kindly and give him what he wants, he will go before your husband comes back, else I would not answer for the consequences if they meet. I do not command, you know, my dear; I only advise. He is very wet, and hungry, and chilled, and wretched, poor fellow, and I can not help pitying him. Suppose you tell Annie to bring up the tray, and then we will try to get rid of him quietly."

"I will have nothing to do with it at all," said Laura. "I can not bear the whole thing any longer, and I will not help in it one way or another." And she got up from her chair to leave the room. Her mother would have prevented her.

"Let her be," said the man. "Let her go. It is best as it is. Poor little wench," he said, in almost a softened voice, when she had flung herself out of the room, "it *is* hard lines for her, say what you like! Now then, Louisa, I want you; but first of all give me something to eat—and drink."

"They're a-feeding of him now down in the dining-room!" cried Annie, when she came down with the order for the supper-tray, tumblers, and hot water. "My! when master comes to know!"

"Missis 'll ketch it," said the cook, philosophically. The cook had a husband of her own, and knew what it was for a wife to catch it pretty liberally.

Warmth and food and brandy, while they mended Sam's dilapidated body, seemed not to do much good to his soul. As he drank deeper, and the sense of physical well-being grew stronger, he became more stolid and unmanageable, unassailable by all Mrs. Broughton's arguments or reasonings or caresses, and sullenly determined to stay there where he was, let what would be the consequence. Lying back in one of the easy-chairs, which his soiled and dripping clothes had soaked and spoiled forever, his bare feet (he had no stockings) stretched out on the rug, while his muddy boots were drying, soles uppermost, inside the bright steel fender, his third tumbler of smoking grog in his hand—the third and the stiffest of all the stiff three—the enjoyments to be had from money swallowed up every thing else, even caution, which he so much needed, and ultimate self-preservation. A kind of deadened stupidity came over him, a sleep of the intelligence, which made him forget every thing but the mere sensual pleasure of the moment. Mrs. Broughton was in despair. She could manage any situation requiring tact, and facile lying, and crafty generalship, and quick-fingered moral scavengership; but between a half-drunken animal and a high-tempered, haughty gentleman—she put her hands up to her head, with the feeling that it would be crushed in the collision. At last Sam went to sleep, and snored heavily. Then the little woman busied herself. She put away the remains of the supper, and locked up the brandy-bottle; indifferent to the surly kicks and oaths accompanying, she forced the steaming boots on to the unwashed naked feet, and with her own fair sinewy hands laced the muddy strings and fastened them; she took up the shabby old dripping cloth cap from the table, and skillfully covered over the mark it had made on the cover; and when she had thus, as far as she could, cleared off the evidences of the past and prepared for the exigencies of the future, she sat down by the sleeping man and watched him—the yellow fire-light dancing in her light blue eyes and dyeing them a sickly green.

"To think that I once loved that devil!" she thought; and her forehead grew flat, and her eyes contracted, and she looked like a snake coiled for a spring; "to think that I ruined my life for him, and that he has the right to claim me before all the world as his WIFE! Oh that I could strangle him! that I could murder him now, and never see his loathed face again!" Instinctively she clutched his throat, but the man gave a heavy plunge forward and struck her face. He was still asleep, though, and did not open his eyes.

"No, that won't do," she then said to herself; and sat still, listening to the fierce night, and wishing that he might go out into it soon and drop down dead in the next street.

After a long pause she suddenly started up. The clock chimed the quarter; it was past eleven, and Gordon might be expected home at any moment. She turned off the gas and raked out the fire, pouring water on the last embers which would still burn and glow; she heaped the chairs about the table, and pushed the easy-chair, where the man was sleeping, quite into the shadow of the curtain, half covering it indeed by the curtain. "I know him," she said; "he will not stir an inch now; I must come down and let him out at night."

Yet she beat him, and pulled him, and called him all manner of bad names, in the last hope to waken him up to reason and retreat. But Sam snored on, and only swore or struck out or growled unintelligibly; so she was forced to leave him as he was. Then she walked across the room with the heaviest step she could command, knocking the chairs as she passed, and clattering the fire-irons; and when she got to the door, she opened it noisily and shut it again with a loud slam, walking over the hall in the same way, and wishing "Good-night" at the door, which she shut also with a fierce bang, coming back in her usual light tripping step. Then she locked the dining-room door—she double-locked it—and dropped the key on the mat; and then she called down the kitchen stairs: "I have locked up the dining-room, Annie, and put out the fire and gas; the gentleman's gone, and there's nothing to do."

"I'll just look at that brandy-bottle to-morrow," said Annie, "and see why she let him out in such a nasty mean way. He warn't too sober, I'll be bound."

"It ain't your business, Annie," said the cook, "and it's my advice to you to keep out of hot water when you can, for it ain't pleasant to be scalded."

"He's gone, Laura dear!" said Mrs. Broughton, airily, tripping into the drawing-room, where Laura, in expectation of her husband's return, had come back; so now you need not be afraid any longer."

"It is the last day I mean to be afraid," said Laura, a little sullenly.

Her mother looked at her keenly. "Very well," she said; "take your own course, my dear; and when you have taken it, think of me and my words."

And then there was silence again, and only the pitiless wind and rain howled and tore through the streets.

"Gordon!" cried Laura, when a knock came to the door, and ran out into the hall to meet him.

"Wet through, and as hungry as a hunter," said Gordon, shaking himself. "Here, Annie, take my things, and get me something to eat at once. We have been in this pelting rain ever since six o'clock, and I have not had even a glass of ale."

"Come into the drawing-room, you poor drowned rat," cried Mrs. Broughton. "See what a beautiful fire we have, and how bright it all looks," opening the door, and letting out the light and warmth like a flood. "Come and have your supper in here for once."

"Against the rules," said Gordon, shaking his head good-naturedly, his hand on the dining-room door.

"Oh, but you can not go in there indeed," said Mrs. Broughton, quite warmly; she was so anxious, you see, for his comfort. "I turned off the gas, and put out the fire myself, and you can not positively have supper there! Come into the drawing-room like a rational being, and don't be stupid, Annie!" And she flung her head up as a signal.

"What does the wife say?" said Gordon, for Laura's sudden bounding to him, so unlike what had been of late, had delighted him into a playfulness unusual to him.

"I think you had better come into the drawing-room," she answered, cold again in a moment. "Mamma has not put the things away," she thought, "and there will only be more falsehoods."

So he went into the drawing-room without further ado, but with the edge of his joy blunted; and Annie brought him the cold beef, which had so strangely diminished that even he noticed it—in silence. He asked for the brandy.

"I will go for it, Laura love; don't you trouble," said Mrs. Broughton, cheerily.

"What a shame! Let me go," said Gordon, making a feint to rise.

"I dare say, you poor tired thing!" the little woman cried, bursting out of the room, laughing and dancing her flaxen ringlets merrily. "You villain! if you are not quiet I will give you up to the police," she said in a low whisper to Sam, wide awake now.

"All right, mother," was that gentleman's rejoinder.

Mrs. Broughton filled up the vacuum in the decanter as well as she could with a remnant left in the bottle, and a dash of cold water as a make-weight; and when she went back to her son she took care to mix the grog herself; and so this too passed off, and Gordon made no remark.

Still the same howling wind and the pitiless rain; still the same wild sobs and moans in the air, like the souls of the lost come back to the scene of their sins and their sorrows; still the same sense of danger hanging round the night, and of evil threatening the future. Laura could not sleep for those ghastly noises; and even Gordon, tired as he was, was feverish and disturbed, and restless like herself.

"What is that?" he cried suddenly, starting up and listening. Laura started up and listened too. It was a small grating noise, such as might be made by a file, and sounded like the filing of a bolt. It sounded like the filing of the bolt in the dining-room, as well as they could judge. Presently it ceased, and then they both distinctly heard a door open, and a soft and stealthy foot creeping up the stairs.

"Some one is in the house!" cried Gordon, dashing on his clothes, and flung open the bedroom door—flung it open face to face with a swarthy, shabby, ill-conditioned man, stealing across the passage with bare feet, and holding a dark lantern in his hand.

A muttered oath on the one side, but nothing save the breath drawn hard on the other, and then the two men sprang together in a grapple that seemed for life or death. A long and silent and deadly grapple: Laura's one wild shriek before she fainted lost in the wilder noises of the night: a struggle that meant more than the mere physical mastery of the moment, that was the antagonism of spirits and the fight of fate with will; a struggle that might leave the bad triumphant over good, and destroy the very life of the household forever. That long, fierce, silent struggle!—only the sound of the men's breaths drawn hard and fast, and the slipping of their feet on the floor, and the heavy bruising of the flesh as blows were struck and met by blows again; only the sound of a deadly strife breaking the terrible anguish of the night. But for once fortune went over to the other side; and after a long and heavy contest, Gordon had the man down on the ground, and was kneeling over him with his hand on his throat.

Then came two quick and lightly-stepping feet, and Mrs. Broughton, fully dressed, slid round to Gordon's side, and whispered something in his ear. Laura never knew the word then whispered—never, to the last day of her life. That was a secret which her husband bore about with him always, unknown and unshared; the splash of mud which he kept covered up forever from both wife and children. Whatever it was, it made him stagger back as with a sudden faintness—his grasp on the man's throat relaxing, and his pressure loosening. Taking advantage of which momentary weakness, Sam slipped away from under him, and, rushing down the stairs, went out, a detected criminal, bareheaded, bleeding, and barefooted, into the cruel fury of the night.

Two years after there died in Sing Sing a prisoner convicted for a burglary in the country, under the name of Roderick, who used to talk mysteriously at times, when his brain was a little affected, of his grand connections, and especially of his daughter, "one of the finest young women in the country," though nobody gave much heed to his boastings, or, indeed, for the matter of that, believed in them. But when news of his death—sent by a nameless outsider who had facilities—came to a certain Mrs. Lascelles, then acting as lady housekeeper to a widower of independent means in the country, that lady shed tears of joy; almost the only tears she had ever been known to shed; and ever after might have been observed—had any one known of the circumstance and cared to connect events together—to dress with even more than her ordinary care and taste; and to be more than ever sweet and gracious to her patron.

"You are not afraid of me now, Laura?" Gordon said this two years after that memorable winter's night; indeed, it was just the two years; when they were both sitting by a gracious little bed done up as a nautilus-shell, in the depths of which a tiny face, flushed with warmth and sleep, lay like a rosebud among the lace and down.

"No," said Laura, and hid her face in his arm; but she lifted it up directly after, and looked at him tenderly, if bashfully, in the eyes. "Never again, Gordon!—never again consenting to the smallest act of deception toward you!—never again more afraid of truth than of sin!"

"No, not if you love me as I love you, my wife! Where love is real there must of necessity be trust. What is that word—one of the truest of all the true words written there, 'Perfect love casteth out fear?' And our love now made perfect," and he looked at the tiny face in the nautilus-shell, "has cast out fear and distrust forever."

"Forever! dearest Gordon," said Laura, and put her arms round him, and clung to his breast. And an Angel of God wandering through the homes of men to bless the loving, blessed them both that night with a blessing that never departed or faded away.

SHADOW OF DEATH.

On Mona's desolate shore, in a cavern by the sea, there dwelt long ages ago the last of the Druids. None knew whence he came or how long he had lived there alone; some said it was for a hundred years, and others that it was for a time far beyond the age of man, and that the Druid was no other than Merlin himself, who had seen Arthur die, and had dwelt in the halls of Caerleon, and worshiped in yet remoter time in the sun-temple of Stonehenge. Men and women traveled far to visit the solitary cavern where the Druid dwelt, and to ask him to reveal to them the mysteries of life and death; and kings came to consult him regarding war and the polity of states, and priests asked him concerning eternal things; and to all of them the Druid made response, and his words were wise and deep, and were treasured in many souls.

Now it came to pass one evening in the later autumn, when the air was still and shrouded, and the sere leaves were slowly dropping from the trees, and the salt green sea cast its tribute of wrack and shells at the door of the Druid's cave, that there came up together from different lands many suppliants, and they all entered into the cavern to entreat the seer to answer their questions and give them counsel. And behold the Druid sat on a stone in the depths of the cave, and the red fire-light shone on his white raiment, and his hair and beard were white as snow, but his eye was blue and calm and sweet, and none who looked on him felt any more fear. And the suppliants drew near and saluted him reverently; and he bowed his head in token that they should speak, and each of them in turn spake; and the first said unto him:

"O Druid! I am a queen of far-off islands, and my king, who loved me well, loves me no more, nor seemeth to heed me, and I have given him my father's crown, and loved him with my whole heart. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the second suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a knight and I loved a lady who once gave me her troth; and I have borne it on my helm through many a bloody field, and I have brought her back glory and fame; yet she loves me no more. What must I do to awaken her love?"

And the third suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a rich man, and I loved my brother, and divided with him my lands and gold; but he loves me no more. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the fourth suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a bard, and I loved not one man only, but all the good and wise, and I poured out my soul in song; but they loved me not, nor responded to my words. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the fifth suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a seeker of knowledge, and I love my race, and have imparted to them the truths I have read in the stars and gathered from the ends of the earth; but they love me not, nor regard my lessons. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the sixth suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am not great, nor wise, nor rich, nor beautiful; I am but a poor maiden, and I love not only the good and learned, but also the weak and the ignorant, and I give them all my tears, and all my life; but they love me not, and, because they love me not, I can not serve them as I would. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the seventh suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a mother, and I love my only son; and I had no crown, or honor, or lands, or art, or wisdom, to give him; but I gave him what was more precious than them all—a mother's love. Yet he loves me not. What must I do to awaken his love?"

Then the seven suppliants stood silent, and the Druid sat still for a little space. And the night had fallen while they spake, and the fire had burned low, and the cave of the Druid was dark. And it came to pass, as they waited patiently, that the depth of the cavern seemed to become light, as if a luminous mist were filling it. And, as they gazed at the mist, behold! as if reclining on clouds, lay a form as of a beautiful youth, more beautiful than any of the children of men; and he lay asleep. And the Druid spake to the suppliants and said: "Behold now, and see how Love sleepeth; and how heavy are his slumbers; and who is he that shall awaken him?" And lo! there came through the mist a train of beautiful forms, and each of them passed by the couch of Love, and strove to waken him with kisses and with tears. And some tried hollow smiles, though their eyes were dim; and others were seen to wring their hands and kneel at his feet in agony; and others brought him crowns, and sceptres, and gold, and gems, and stars of honor, and wreaths of fame, and they cried with exceeding bitter cries, "O Love, awake! awake!" But Love slumbered on, nor heeded any, and his sleep was unbroken alike by their kisses, or gifts, or tears.

Then there came forth from the mist another form, pale and cold, and dressed in the cerements of the grave; and it passed slowly nearer and nearer to the couch, till its shadow fell like the shadow of a cloud over Love as he slept.

Then Love sprang up with a wild and terrible cry, and held forth his arms for those to return who had striven to waken him so long, but who now were passed away beyond his reach forever. And the Druid turned mournfully to the suppliants and said: "Only this solace have I for your aching hearts, SLEEPING LOVE WILL WAKEN WHEN OVER HIM FALLS THE SHADOW OF DEATH!"

GENERAL KILPATRICK RECAPTURING HIS HEAD-QUARTERS, March 10, 1865

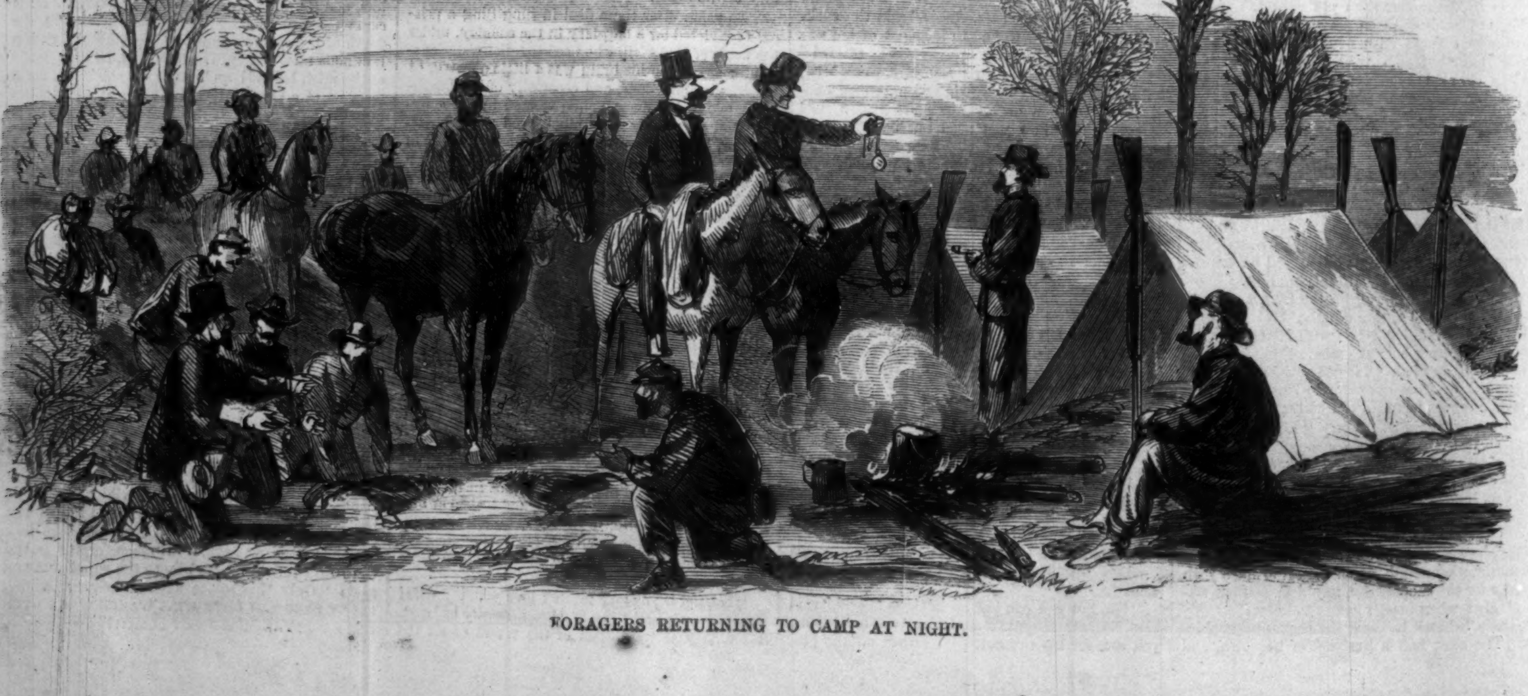
GENERAL KILPATRICK'S OPERATIONS.

It was at Aiken, a few miles northeast of Augusta, that Kilpatrick fought his first battle. Here the Second Brigade under General Atkins encountered Wheeler's command. Falling back so as to receive the support of the other brigades, Atkins awaited the attack of the enemy, which was repulsed.

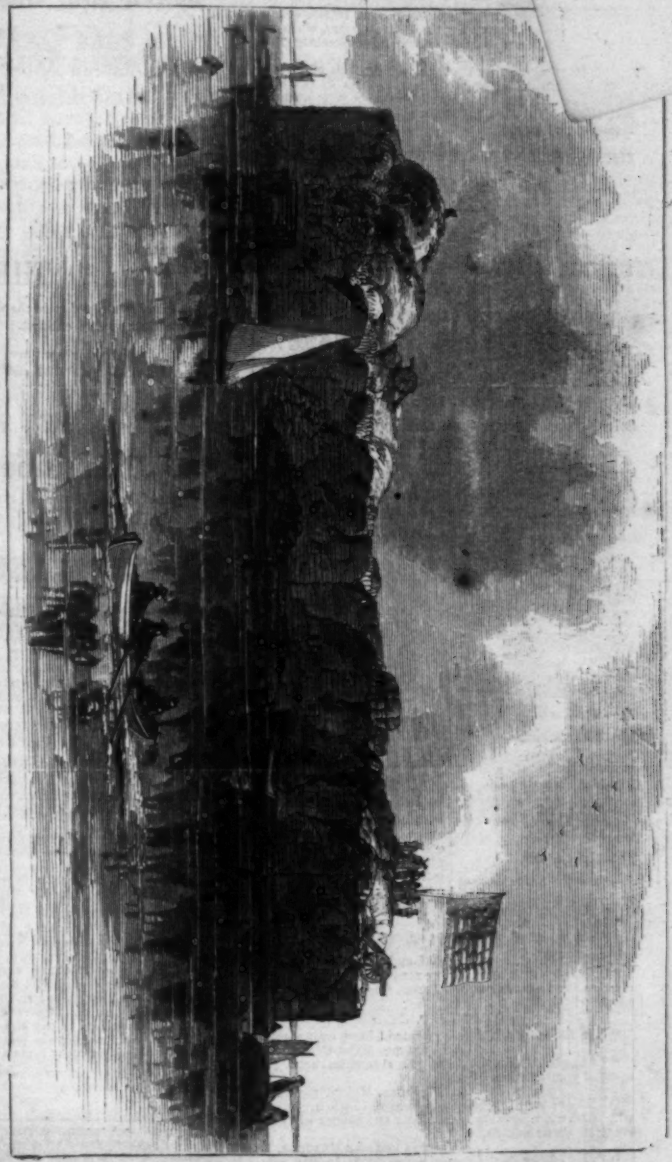
There was no other engagement until March 10, when Kilpatrick came into collision with Wade Hampton's command. Kilpatrick was pushing forward in order to reach Fayetteville before Hardee, and strike him in the flank, or, failing in this, to intercept Hampton, who was following in Hardee's rear. Hardee made better time than Kilpatrick, moving out from Coleman's Grove just as the latter entered it. Kilpatrick's cavalry was not all up, two of the brigades being behind on account of the bad roads. In this situation Kilpatrick was attacked by three divisions of rebel cavalry. He was obliged to abandon his head-quarters and two pieces of artillery until he could bring his command together. But Hampton did not keep the ground long. Kilpatrick soon returned, and, leading his men on in a furious charge, swept the field and regained his camps and artillery. His loss was not over a hundred, while the enemy left upon the field seventy-six killed, and his wounded must have numbered several hundred.

We illustrate this battle on this page. We also give two sketches showing Sherman's foragers, or "bummers," as the soldiers call them, setting out from and returning to camp. These foragers not only collected provisions, but also acted as flankers and advance skirmishers.

FORAGERS "STARTING OUT" IN THE MORNING.

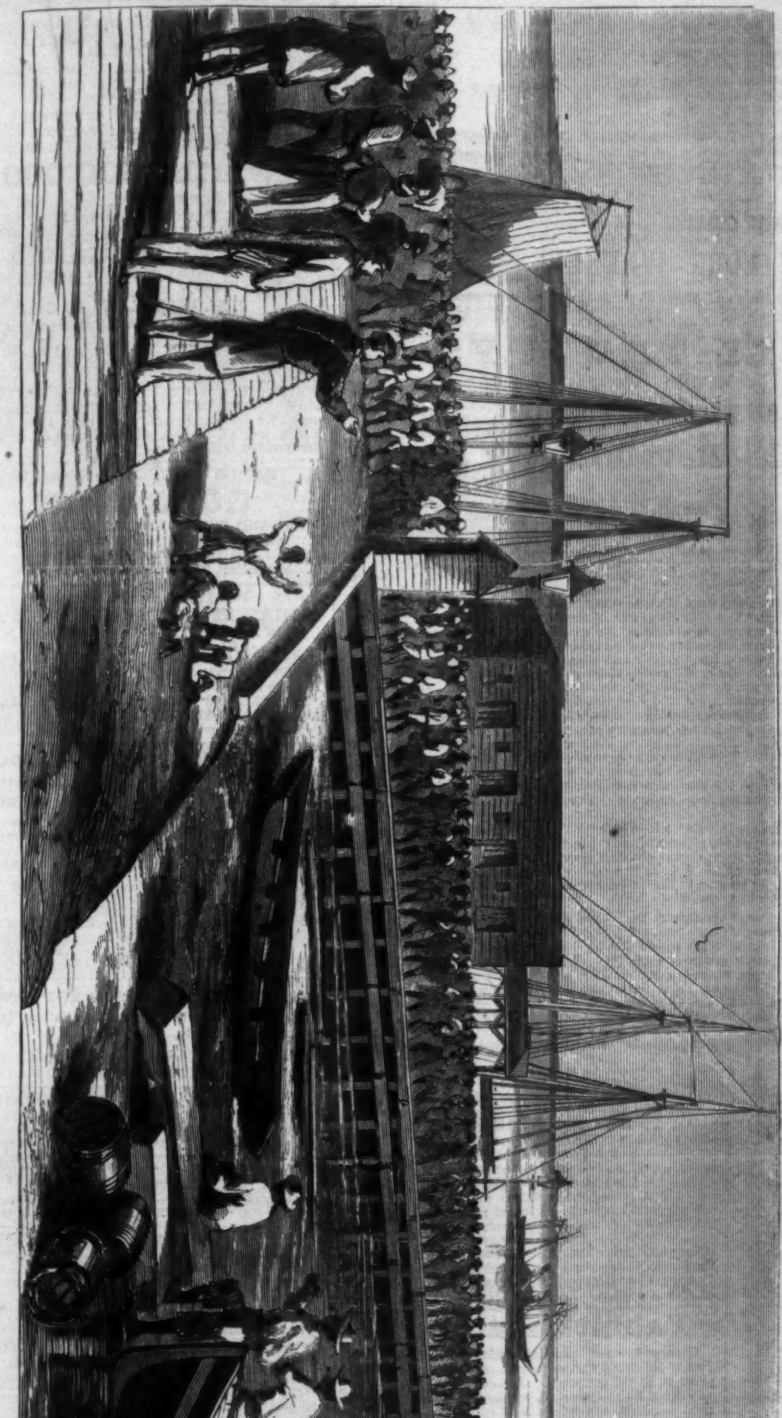


FORAGERS RETURNING TO CAMP AT NIGHT.



FORT SUMTER—SIDE TOWARD CHARLESTON.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

NEGRO RECRUITS AT CHARLESTON.



LONG DOCK AT HILTON HEAD—LANDING OF RECRUITS FROM CHARLESTON.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

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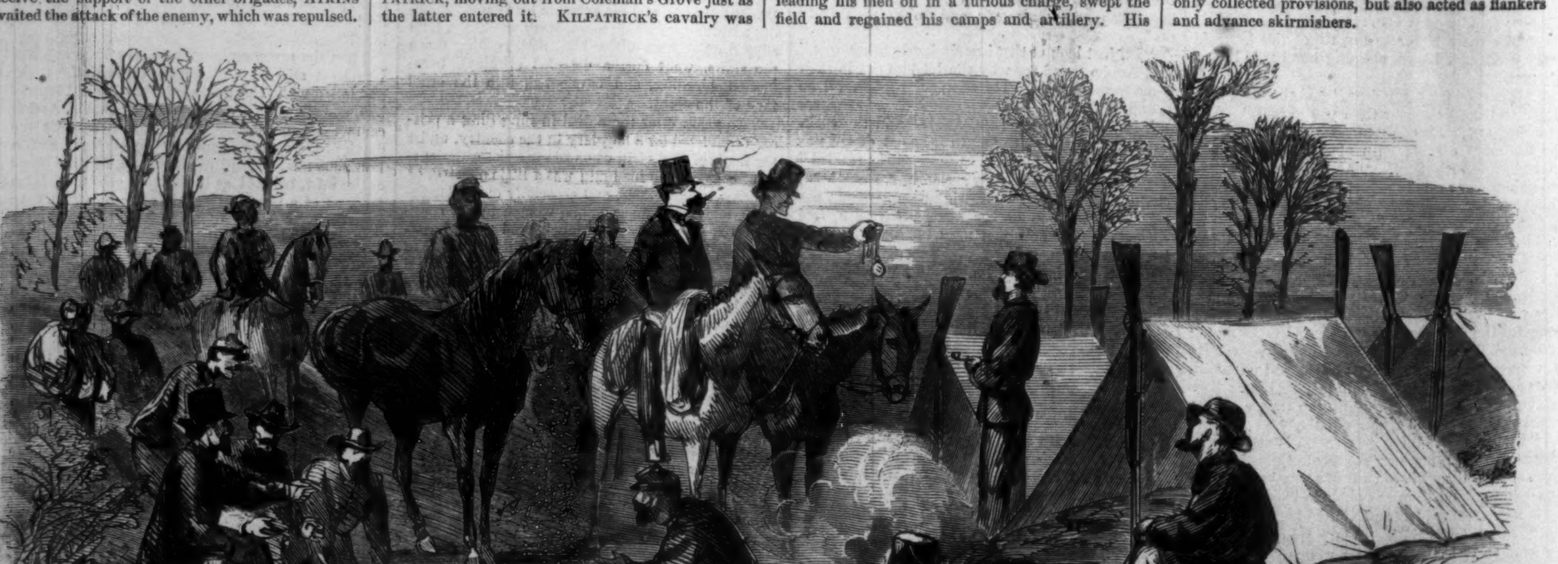
GENERAL KILPATRICK'S OPERATIONS.

It was at Aiken, a few miles northeast of Augusta, that Kilpatrick fought his first battle. Here the Second Brigade under General Atkins encountered Wheeler's command. Falling back so as to receive the support of the other brigades, Atkins awaited the attack of the enemy, which was repulsed.

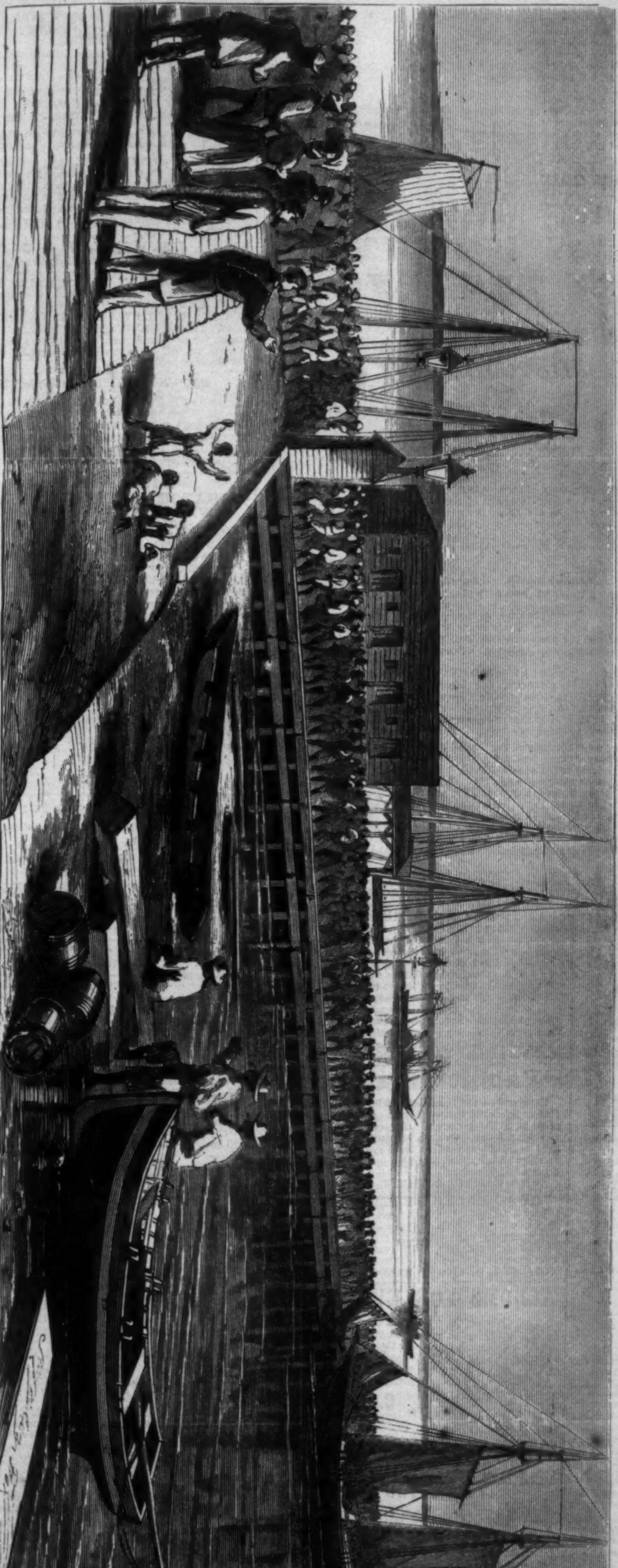
There was no other engagement until March 10, when Kilpatrick came into collision with Wade Hampton's command. Kilpatrick was pushing forward in order to reach Fayetteville before Hardee, and strike him in the flank, or, failing in this, to intercept Hampton, who was following in Hardee's rear. Hardee made better time than Kilpatrick, moving out from Coleman's Grove just as the latter entered it. Kilpatrick's cavalry was not all up, two of the brigades being behind on account of the bad roads. In this situation Kilpatrick was attacked by three divisions of rebel cavalry. He was obliged to abandon his head-quarters and two pieces of artillery until he could bring his command together. But Hampton did not keep the ground long. Kilpatrick soon returned, and, leading his men on in a furious charge, swept the field and regained his camps and artillery. His loss was not over a hundred, while the enemy left upon the field seventy-six killed, and his wounded must have numbered several hundred.

We illustrate this battle on this page. We also give two sketches showing Sherman's foragers, or "bummers," as the soldiers call them, setting out from and returning to camp. These foragers not only collected provisions, but also acted as flankers and advance skirmishers.

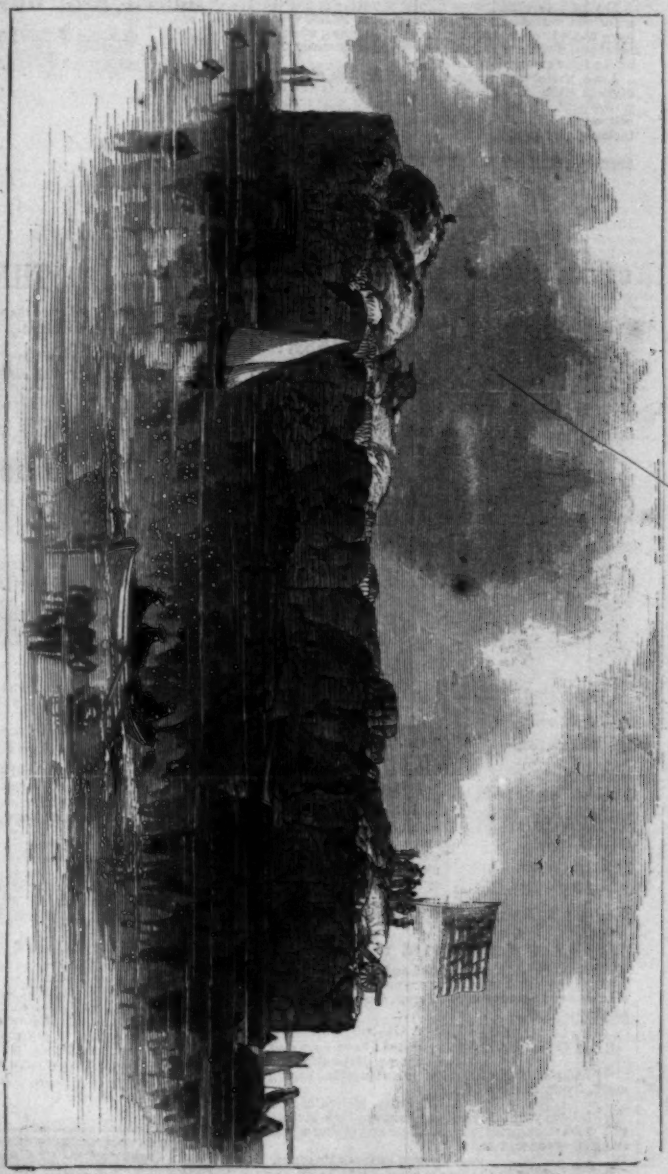
FORAGERS "STARTING OUT" IN THE MORNING.



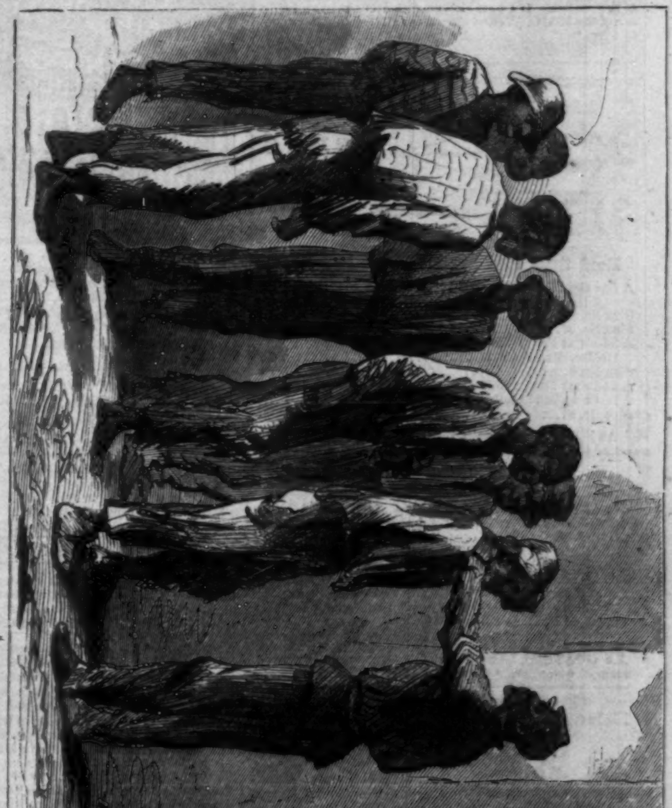
FORAGERS RETURNING TO CAMP AT NIGHT.



LONG DOCK AT HILTON HEAD—LANDING OF RECRUITS FROM CHARLESTON.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]



FORT SUMTER—SIDE TOWARD CHARLESTON.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]



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EXPLANATION.

Hold the case (Fig. 1) in your left hand, to load your Pipe, withdraw and close the valve (E) once or twice, press the thumb on the catch (A) and open the case, withdraw the pipe stem (D) and adjust it to (C), place the pipe in your mouth, ignite a match on top of match safe, close the case with the forefinger of the left hand (Fig. 2), and light your pipe.

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Lieut.-Governor of Ohio.

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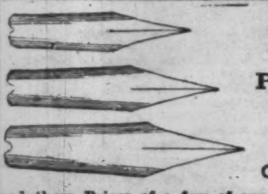

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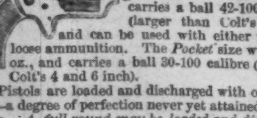

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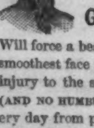

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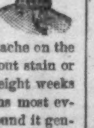

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I will send, on receipt of $3, a 16-carat Gold Ring for either Division or Corps in the Army, and for $5 I will send an extra size, same style. This is a splendid Ring for Officers or Soldiers. (Send the size of the finger.) Also, I will send, as sample, on receipt of $1 50, a Solid Silver Badge (Coin Silver), appropriate for either Corps or Division, Cavalry, Artillery, Pontonier, Engineer, or Signal Corps Departments of the Army, with your name, regiment, and company handsomely engraved thereon; and for $2 I will send a Solid Gold Masonic Pin. Agents wanted every where. Send for wholesale illustrated circular.

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No medicine in the world can be at all compared to them in this, that they may be taken at any time, night or day, before or after or with dinner or supper. When the eyes are yellow, when the head aches, when the stomach or the bowels are out of order, one single dose of four or five pills will benefit beyond the power of words to describe.

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For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

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THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY FOR

Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, CURED ENTIRELY by taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound*. This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and *every one* using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called *White Pine Compound*. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly *a discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound*, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour, and a *cure* effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years for colds and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From JAMES J. HOYT.
BRADFORD, N. H., Sept. 1860.

DR. POLAND,—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the *Kidney Complaint*. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

From STEPHEN BARTLETT.
BRADFORD, N. H., July, 1860.

DR. POLAND,—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. But *two bottles* of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only *one bottle* of your Compound, and it *cured* her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know him—a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND,
GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,

Will be manufactured in future at the
NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, 106 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.
Under the supervision of
REV. J. W. POLAND, M.D.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.
Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Medicine every where.

Price 75 Cents per Bottle.

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One Million Dollars' Worth!

TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
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Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

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All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

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500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns......	20	" 50
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1000	" Ice Pitchers..................	20	" 50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers......	20	" 50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups....	5	" 50
3000	" Castors......................	15	" 50
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets.	20	" 50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen..	10	" 20
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen..........................	20	" 40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches..	50	" 150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled-Case do..	35	" 70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches.	35	" 70
200	Diamond Rings......................	50	" 100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains........	4	" 30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets..........	4	" 8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets............	6	" 10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	" 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches........	4	" 10
5,000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches...	4	" 8
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7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops.	4	" 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins.....	2 50	" 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys......	2 50	" 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides.........	3	" 10
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3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.........	4	" 6
10,000	Miniature Lockets.................	2 50	" 10
4,000	" " Magic Spring.....	10	" 20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.......	2	" 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings...................	4	" 10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings..................	4	" 11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings..........	2 50	" 10
10,000	California Diamond Rings...........	2	" 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold..	5	" 15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones.............	4	" 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils.......................	4	" 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	" 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	" 25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles........	5	" 15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5	" 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.
ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

ARCANA WATCH.
An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18-carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully designed, with panel and shield for name, with patent push-pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Levers, and are really handsome and desirable, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well-known St. Jimer Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved pallets, fancy carved bridges, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jeweled action, with line dial, and skeleton hands, and is warranted a good time-keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all hunting cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or express for $125. A single one sent in an elegant morocco case for $25. Will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.
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Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00. Address
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